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MARVEL PREVIEW
No 12 $1

DRACULA! ZOMBIES! GILGAMESH!

MARVEL PREVIEW PRESENTS

THE HAUNT OF HORROR™

AND FEATURING:
LILITH!
DAUGHTER OF DRACULA!

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STAN LEE presents

THE HAUNT OF HORROR

Vol. 1/No. 12
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EDITORIAL

I don't believe in cycles.

Now, I *know* that statement is going to raise some eyebrows among the social studies students in our readership; in fact, it'll probably raise the eyebrows of a few of my own associates. Why, just the other night I was on the fringe of a discussion between two fellow comics professionals, one of whom predicted that humor was going to be the next big cycle in comics. The other fellow actively involved in the discussion argued that because of the STAR WARS phenomenon, *Science Fiction* was to be the next big trend. I sat silently, as is my wont, and took in both sides of their argument. Even after digesting their viewpoints, my own feelings remained unchanged. For despite the enviable complacency of people secure in their observations that the rise or fall of a particular series was the result of "hitting the proper cycle" or a "fad having run its course," I just can't believe in the *simplicity* of the cycle syndrome.

Oh, I'm not so naive that I fail to recognize that some times are more opportune than others for the unveiling of certain genre products, but these are almost always products conceived by entrepreneurs hoping to cash in on the success of a trend *setter*, not someone just "plugging 'in'" to a predictable cycle.

My point is, that I believe the public will be responsive to *any* project at *any* time, provided that the project is of high quality and has been given ample promotion to garner the public's attention.

Thus opposed to the concept of chancing into a cyclic pattern, I pooh-poohed the warnings of critics who claimed the time for horror in the comic book marketplace is past. Simply because Marvel has an unflagging line of super-hero titles and is currently dipping its toes into the relatively untried waters of movie adaptations and the rock music scene, doesn't mean a new foray into horror via large format magazine is unrealistic. Or undesirable. Indeed, even though I am of the personal opinion that Marvel's previous venture may have been a bit overzealous—resulting in more newsstand saturation than your average Marvelmaniac could afford—I think the potentialities of many of the series stars of those titles (such as Lilith, Morbius, the Zombie, and others) were only beginning to be realized.

Such were my thoughts a few months back after first becoming editor of Marvel's magazine line when I ventured into the sanctum sanctorum of Stan (the Man) Lee (publisher and graphic story guru of us all). I remember the occasion well, for my newly acquired duties were keeping me extremely busy and my starved stomach was demanding I take it to the lunch that I had thus far that day denied it. Well, it just so happened that I was heading down the hall to satisfy my pursuits when Stan grabbed me for a chat.

"Rog, can I speak to you fo a bit?"

Never one to turn down the opportunity to engage in conversation with the man who created Marvel Comics, I hesitated not a moment.

"I've only got a minute. Jim (Galton, our esteemed president of MCG) and I have a luncheon date. But I heard you wanted to see me and, since this is probably the only chance I'm going to get for the next few days . . . what's on your mind?"

"I want to do a horror magazine," I ejaculated, just as eager to get down to business. I began pouring out my plans for reviving the HAUNT OF HORROR magazine. As I saw it, it would be quite different from the original HAUNT OF HORROR which we published a few years back. It wouldn't be just a showpiece of the scariest one-shot stories that our writers could conceive, but would also feature the variety of monster characters which starred in our late-lamented DRACULA LIVES!, VAMPIRE TALES, MONSTERS UNLEASHED, and TALES OF THE ZOMBIE titles. The name of the game would be *diversity*—with you getting a gut-wrenching repertoire of fright fictions encompassing everything from uncanny tales of the Undead to shock stories containing the earthy eeriness of a mental hospital.

When I had finished,he considered for a moment, sucking on a sourball. My stomach suffered in silence during this unintended affrontery. Apparently, its enzymic alarm deferred to the gravity of the moment, and it growled not.

"All right," he finally said, the sourball disappearing in a droplet of dissolved sugar, "let's go with it as a one-shot. Can we have it on sale by Halloween?"

"A *one-shot*!" I pouted, slumping sullenly back on his guest couch. *I* had envisioned launching it in the pages of MARVEL PREVIEW and immediately following it up in a regular book of its own. Where had I gone wrong, I asked myself. Doesn't he realize we've got too many good stories, too many potential plotlines, too many limbo-lost characters to make this just a one-shot? My disappointment was poorly hidden I freely admit.

"Would you feel better about it if we made it a quarterly?"

I smiled.

He smiled.

My stomach growled.

Minutes later, hydrochloric acids busily working on a hardy helping of beef goulash, my stomach's growling stopped. My smile remained.

Happy Halloween.

ROGER SLIFER, Editor

Marvel behind closed doors: Titanic Tom Sutton offers his incredible rendition of Roguish Roger Slifer and his happy henchman, Reliable Ralph Macchio laboring away at The House of Ideas.

Lilith, Daughter of Dracula

Script: STEVE GERBER Art: GEORGE PEREZ & PABLO MARCOS

IT WAS A LOVELY SPRING DAY IN BELFAST, WHEN ANGEL O'HARA, CATHOLIC, MARRIED TED HANNIGAN, PROTESTANT. BUT THE DAY, A YEAR LATER, WHEN THEY BROKE THE NEWS TO ANGEL'S FATHER OF THEIR SECRET NUPTIALS — AND HER SUBSEQUENT PREGNANCY—WAS NOT SO LOVELY. FOR WITH THE BREAKING OF THE HAPPY NEWS CAME THE CRUSHING OF SKULL-BONES, TED'S, AS ANGEL'S ENRAGED FATHER VENTED HIS WRATH ON HIS REJECTED SON-IN-LAW.

ANGEL WAS A DELICATE CREATURE, NOT PRONE TO THOUGHTS OF VIOLENCE, BUT AT THAT MOMENT SHE WISHED HER DEAR FATHER DEAD AND GONE. AND AMAZINGLY ENOUGH, HER WISH WAS GRANTED. ANGEL'S BODY WAS INVADED BY A *SHE-DEMON* WHOSE HATRED OF HER *OWN* FATHER—COUNT DRACULA HIMSELF!—DREW HER TO YOUNG GIRLS IN WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES. A BITE ON THE NECK AND THE DEED WAS DONE.

SO ANGEL WAS ON HER OWN, AND SHE CROSSED THE WATERS TO NEW YORK, WHERE SHE TOOK UP RESIDENCE WITH A MAN NAMED MARTIN GOLD. AND LAST WE HEARD, SHE WAS STILL CARRYING TED'S CHILD, AND DRACULA'S DAUGHTER STILL DWELT WITHIN HER... WITH ANGEL UNAWARE.

THE ECONOMY IS IN NASTY SHAPE: INFLATION. RECESSION. UNEMPLOYMENT. ENERGY SHORTAGES. THE BUYING POWER OF THE DOLLAR IS SINKING. EVERY-ONE BUT THE PENTAGON IS BEING ASKED TO TIGHTEN HIS BELT.
YES, THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER. FOR VIRTUALLY EVERY INDUSTRY GROWTH CHART, SAVE THOSE OF FOOD AND OIL, FACES A CRISIS MUCH LIKE THAT OF DRACULA'S DAUGHTER.
PROFITS ARE PLUNGING!

Script: STEVE GERBER Art: BOB BROWN & FRANK SPRINGER

LILITH WATCHES THE WINDOWS RACE PAST HER SHOOTING TOWARD THE SKY AS SHE HURTLES TOWARD FIFTH AVENUE BELOW. AND IN THE PATTERNS OF MOONLIGHT REFLECTED FROM THE GLASS AND STEEL, SHE SEES IMAGES OF THE TROUBLED DAYS JUST PAST. IN THE SCREAMING MIND, SHE HEARS VOICES...

...VOICES TO MATCH THE FACES...

...OF MARTIN GOLD...

ANGEL, I DON'T KNOW...!

...OF ANGEL O'HARA, HIS LOVER...

MARTIN, PLEASE...!

...OF ROGER McGUIRE, THEIR BENEFACTOR...

IT'S THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME, MARTY.

YEAH. I GUESS IT IS. OKAY.

I'LL DO IT.

DO YOU REALLY HAVE TO BE GOING SO SOON, ROGER? WE'VE HARDLY HAD TIME TO SAY "THANKS" FOR THE WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY YOU'VE GIVEN MARTIN.

FROM THE LOOK ON HIS FACE, YOU'D THINK I'D SOLD OUR BRILLIANT WRITER INTO SLAVERY.

?!

BUT I THINK HE'LL CHANGE HIS MIND WHEN HE HEARS MORE ABOUT THE PROJECT.

SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, HEMINGWAY-- ON THE PLANTATION?

YEAH. SEE YA, ROG.

ROG KISSES ANGEL ON THE FOREHEAD... LOOKS ONCE MORE TO MARTIN -- AND DEPARTS. THEN...

YOU WERE GOING TO TURN IT DOWN, WEREN'T YOU?

THE FIRST GOOD FINANCIAL LUCK WE'VE HAD IN MONTHS!

SOME LUCK. JUST WHAT EVERY BUDDING NOVELIST WITH A SOCIAL CONSCIENCE AND A PREGNANT GIRL-FRIEND NEEDS.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY--

--TO WRITE *PUBLIC RELATIONS* BROCHURES!!

MY GOD-- ROGER WAS *RIGHT.* YOU *DO* ACT AS IF WE'D STABBED YOU IN THE BACK!

P.R. FOR THE *KALLEN CHEMICAL WORKS,* NO LESS! ANGEL, THAT COMPANY MADE ITS FORTUNE IN *PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES!* IT POURS MORE *FILTH* INTO THE AIR AND WATER THAN--

WILL YOU GET DOWN OFF YOUR DAMN *HIGH HORSE?!*

IT MEANS *MONEY,* MARTIN-- A THOUSAND *DOLLARS*--

--FOR ALL OF *TWO WEEKS'* WORK!!

AND WE *NEED* THAT MONEY--TO PAY FOR A CRIB, A BASINETTE, DIAPERS, BOTTLES, SHEETS, BLANKETS--

--ALL THE THINGS WE *HAVE* TO HAVE WHEN THE *BABY* COMES!

UH-HUH.

AND MEANWHILE, WHAT HAPPENS TO MY INTEGRITY AS A *WRITER?*

LET'S ARGUE ABOUT *THAT* AFTER SOMEBODY THINKS ENOUGH OF YOUR WORK TO *BUY* IT!

SO FAR, ALL YOUR PRECIOUS *INTEGRITY* HAS GOTTEN YOU IS *REJECTION* SLIPS!

MAN, YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO *HURT* SOMEBODY, DON'T YOU? RIGHT FOR THE *JUGULAR!* WHAM! BAM! THANK *YOU,* MA'AM.

THAT'S ALL I HAD *LEFT*-- THE KNOWLEDGE I WAS TRYING TO PRODUCE A BOOK WORTH *READING,* AND NOW--

AN *INFANT* CAN'T READ, MARTIN! AND IT CAN'T *SURVIVE* ON PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY, LIKE *WE'VE* BEEN!

I SHOULD BE ON A SPECIAL DIET *NOW*. I SHOULD BE TAKING SPECIAL *VITAMINS*. LORD ONLY KNOWS WHAT *DAMAGE*--!

DAMMIT! I DON'T *UNDERSTAND* YOU! CAN'T YOU GET IT THROUGH YOUR STUPID HEAD--?

--I'VE *SOLD OUT*!!

EVERYTHING YOU EVER SAID YOU *ADMIRED* ABOUT ME...GOES DOWN THE *TUBES* TOMORROW!

I THOUGHT YOU *WANTED* ME TO BE STUBBORN...TO WRITE WHAT I *FELT*! I GUESS...I MADE A MISTAKE. I *BELIEVED* YOU.

OH, MARTIN, *NO*... NO, DON'T SAY THAT.

I *DO* WANT YOU TO BE TRUE TO YOURSELF... BUT I WANT THE BEST FOR THE *BABY*, TOO!

IT DESERVES ITS *HEALTH*, MARTIN. IT *DOES*.

AND DON'T YOU THINK I *KNOW* TAKING THIS JOB IS *KILLING* YOU? DON'T YOU THINK I *HATE* THAT?

MARTIN... I'D ONLY STOP *ADMIRING* YOU... IF YOU ACCEPTED IT... *WITHOUT* GETTING UPSET!

MARTIN, I *L*--

Mm-hmm...

OTHER VOICES, OTHER SOUNDS INTRUDE UPON HER RECOLLECTIONS: A MAN'S **SCREAM**, A WOMAN'S PLATFORM SOLES SCRAPING THE ROUGH-SURFACED **CONCRETE**...

...THEN, A HORRIFIED, DISBELIEVING **GASP**, AS LILITH UNDERGOES A STARTLING AND INSTANTANEOUS **TRANSFORMATION!**

HER GREAT LEATHERN WINGS FURIOUSLY SLAPPING THE AIR, THE SCREECHING **SHE-BAT** ASCENDS TO THE FORTIETH-STORY WINDOW FROM WHICH SHE WAS FORCIBLY **EJECTED.**

SHE FINDS THE OFFICE OF **WALTER KALLEN** IN A SHAMBLES, AS IT WAS WHEN SHE... **LEFT**, SECONDS EARLIER. BUT SHE ALSO FINDS IT **DESERTED.**

AND AGAIN, HER MIND **REELS**... WAS IT REALLY A MERE THREE **DAYS** AGO...?

MARTIN'S VOICE, HIS IRREVERENT, SELF-MOCKING DELIGHT AS HE RECOUNTED THE SCENE...

"IT WAS ALMOST **EMBARRASSING**," MARTIN TOLD ANGEL. "KALLEN WAS TRYING SO HARD TO **RELATE** TO ME."

YOU SEE, MARTIN, WE NEED A REALLY **WITH-IT** APPROACH TO THIS NEW PROJECT. IF YOU CAN **SPEAK** AS WELL AS ROGER SAYS YOU **WRITE**--

WELL, THERE COULD BE, UH-- BIG **BREAD** IN THIS FOR YOU.

YOU'RE **JUST** THE TYPE WE WERE **LOOKING** FOR.

TYPE? TYPE FOR WHAT, MR. KALLEN? I DON'T UNDERSTAND...!

STEP OVER HERE, MARTIN... TAKE A LOOK. DO YOU KNOW WHAT *THIS* IS?

A *BLUE-PRINT*... FOR A MACHINE OF SOME SORT. BUT...

IT'S THE DEVICE THAT WILL *END* INDUSTRIAL POLLUTION, MARTIN. WASTES FILTERED THROUGH THIS SYSTEM, TREATED WITH OUR NEW *CLEANSING COMPOUND*, BREAK DOWN INTO THEIR NATURAL COMPONENTS, NO MATTER *WHAT* THEIR COMPOSITION. THE RESULT WILL BE *CLEAR WATERS* IN OUR RIVERS...

...AFTER ONLY *FIVE YEARS*. AND THEY'LL *STAY* CLEAR FOREVER.

WE WANTED AN, EH, *UNUSUAL* REPRESENTATIVE TO SELL OUR IDEA TO THE *PUBLIC*...SOMEBODY WHO *LOOKS* LIKE AN ECOLOGY FREAK. SOMEBODY THEY'LL *TRUST*...DIG?

ONE QUESTION: DOES IT *WORK*?

THE DEVICE? OF *COURSE*. I'LL SEE YOU GET A *DEMONSTRATION*.

IN THAT CASE, MR. KALLEN -- YOU'VE JUST HIRED YOURSELF A *HIPPIE*. THIS THOUSAND DOLLARS I'LL *ENJOY* EARNING!

THERE'S A LOT MORE IN IT THAN *THAT*, MARTY... A *HELL* OF A LOT. YOU'LL SEE AS TIME GOES ON.

THAT HE *WILL*. BUT FOR NOW... SHOW HIM TO HIS *OFFICE*, ROGER.

"OFFICE? MORE LIKE A *CELL*. FOUR BARE WALLS, NO WINDOW, A FILE CABINET, A DESK, A CHAIR, A TYPEWRITER. THAT WAS *IT*."

YOU'LL FIND ALL THE INFORMATION YOU NEED IN THAT FILE. I'LL BE LOOKING IN ON YOU PERIODICALLY TO *SEE* HOW IT'S *GOING*.

THANKS, ROG -- AND, HEY, I'M *SORRY* I JUMPED TO CONCLUSIONS ABOUT--

SKIP IT. IT'S ALL PAST.

IT TOOK ALL OF TWO DAYS ON THE JOB BEFORE THE PROBLEM CROPPED UP.

LOOK, ARE YOU COMING TO BED OR NOT? I THOUGHT WE HAD A DATE TO...

YEAH. OKAY. IN A MINUTE. SOMETHING'S BUGGING ME.

ABOUT THE WORK, YOU MEAN? I THOUGHT YOUR CONSCIENCE WAS CLEAR...

IT'S NOT THAT... EXACTLY. IT'S JUST... I'M NO SCIENTIST, BUT I KNOW SOMETHING'S GOTTA HAPPEN TO THE CLEANSING COMPOUND ITSELF AFTER IT BREAKS DOWN THE POLLUTANTS.

BUT A-- THESE PAPERS SAY IS, "REFER TO FILE Z-297." I DON'T GET IT.

MAYBE IT JUST FLOWS OUT TO SEA-- NEVER TO BE HEARD FROM AGAIN.

UH-UH. IT'S TOO POTENT FOR TH--

NO! NO! GO

"TOMORROW, ANGEL," MARTIN HAD SAID, "I AM GOING TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT MISSING FILE... SOMEHOW."

OH, NO. YOU'RE NOT. NOBODY'S ALLOWED WITHOUT KALLEN'S APPROVAL.

BUT I NEED THAT FILE FOR THE BROCHURES I'M WRITING.

SORRY. I CAN'T ADMIT NOBODY WITHOUT--

YOU DON'T HAVE TO ADMIT ME. YOU CAN GET THE FILE FOR ME. IT'S FILE Z-297--"PROJECTED IMPACT OF COMPOUND ON ENVIRONMENTAL FACTORS." IT'S MENTIONED IN ALL THE FOLDERS I'VE GOT. I MEAN IT'S NO BIG SECRET.

THEY PROBABLY JUST FORGOT TO GIVE IT TO ME, AND KALLEN'S NOT IN THE OFFICE, AND I NEED IT, AND--

OKAY, OKAY... SOUNDS LIKE YA KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT. WAIT HERE.

GREAT. I REALLY APPRECIATE THIS.

AND THAT AFTERNOON...

HIYA, MARTY? HOW'S IT GOIN'?

TERRIFIC— IF YOU LIKE READING ABOUT THE DEATH OF THE WORLD.

HUH?

READ IT, MAN! YOUR MIRACLE CHEMICAL IS STILL POTENT WHEN ITS WORK IS DONE! IT PURIFIES THE PURIFIED WATER, YOU DUNCE! IT KILLS SEAWEED, ALGAE, PLANKTON! IN TIME, IT COULD RENDER THE OCEANS—

Z-297

SECRET

--INCAPABLE OF SUPPORTING LIFE.

WE KNOW THAT MR. GOLD.

KALLEN!

AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW... IT'S BEST WE HAD A LITTLE TALK... SO YOU MAY HEAR OUR SIDE OF THE STORY... SO WE CAN REACH... AN UNDERSTANDING.

COME WITH ME, MR. GOLD.

AND THAT EVENING...

A MEETING? MARTIN WILL BE LATE GETTING HOME? OF COURSE. NO, I DON'T MIND.

THANK YOU FOR CALLING... MR. KALLEN.

ANGEL WAS IMPRESSED. IT'S NOT EVERY BIG EXECUTIVE WHO'D TAKE IT UPON HIMSELF TO PHONE AN EMPLOYEE'S "WIFE."

BUT ANGEL'S ALTER EGO, THE SPIRIT WHO SHARES HER BODY WITHOUT ANGEL'S KNOWING—

...WAS NOT ONLY NOT IMPRESSED-- SHE, LILITH, WAS HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS.

LET ME ATTEMPT TO *REASON* WITH YOU ONCE MORE.

ALL YOU'VE STUMBLED UPON IS A *MINOR* PROBLEM. WE'LL *SOLVE* IT BEFORE IT PRESENTS A SIGNIFICANT DANGER. BUT WE CAN'T *PROCEED* 'TIL WE'VE RECOUPED OUR *DEVELOPMENT* EXPENSES...

AND MEANTIME, YOU DESTROY ALL THE MARINE LIFE ON EARTH. *SWELL!*

OH. I SEE. WE HAVE AN *ALARMIST* AMONG US. VERY WELL. IF *I* CAN'T CHANGE YOUR MIND, PERHAPS MY *ASSOCIATES* WILL BE--

--MORE *PERSUASIVE.*

GOOD LORD!!

CRASH!

LET YOUR ASSOCIATES ATTEMPT TO PERSUADE *ME*, MR. KALLEN. I ASSURE YOU -- IT'S FAR MORE *URGENT.*

YOU SEE... YOU *DISGUST* ME. AND I AM SORELY TEMPTED TO *KILL* YOU.

IZZAT *SO?* YA THINK ONE STUPID *BROAD* CAN STAND UP TA *THIS?*

I BELIEVE SO ...*YES.*

JEEZIS -- SHE DIDN'T EVEN *FEEL* IT?!

WOULD YOU CARE TO TRY *AGAIN?*

NO, ON SECOND THOUGHT -- DON'T *BOTHER.* THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE WAS *AMUSING* -- BUT NOT *THAT* AMUSING.

KRAM

BESIDES...MR. KALLEN POSSESSES A FAR MORE *INTERESTING* FACE.

THAT'S A *COMPLIMENT*, MR. KALLEN. YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO SAY--

--"THANK Y--"

JUST KEEP TALKIN', LADY. HAVE A WHOLE FRIGGIN' *CONVERSATION* WIT' YOURSELF...

...ALL THE WAY *DOWN!*

EXCELLENT, SIDNEY! NOW GRAB *GOLD*-- GET HIM TO THE *CAR* --AND I'LL SEE YOU FIND A *BONUS* WITH YOUR NEXT CHECK!

THEN THERE IS NO MORE TO BE *RECALLED*.

*THERE IS ONLY THE **PRESENT**--THE SHE-BAT, THE OFFICE IN DISARRAY, AND A TRANSFORMATION **BACK**...!*

MARTIN! MARTIN GOLD! ARE YOU HERE? *ANSWER* ME!

BUT NO ANSWER COMES.

*AND SO SHE BEGINS A FRANTIC--IF **BRIEF**--SEARCH. THE **OUTER OFFICE**:*

ROGER!

T-TRIED TO...STOP THEM...WARNED THEM... NOT TO HURT HIM... PUSHED RIGHT PAST ME... WOULDN'T LISTEN...!

WHO...ARE YOU?...HOW DO YOU... KNOW...M-MY NAME?

THAT IS NOT YOUR CONCERN. WHERE DID THEY *TAKE* MARTIN GOLD?

SPEAK! TELL ME WHERE THEY'VE GONE...!

N-NO... I CAN'T... THEY'D KILL ME... IF I TALKED...!

AND I SHALL KILL YOU IF YOU DO NOT--

--IN A FAR MORE AGONIZING MANNER THAN ANY KALLEN COULD DEVISE.

WILL SHE SIMPLY RIP THE CAP OF SKIN FROM HIS SKULL, HE WONDERS? HER STRENGTH SEEMS SUFFICIENT FOR THAT. OR WILL HER WILDLY BLAZING CRIMSON EYES SPIT FIRE AND BURN AWAY HIS FACE? OR... HIS OWN EYES FIXATE ON LILITH'S FANGS... AND THEN HE KNOWS WHAT SHE WILL DO. AND HE WANTS TO SPEAK... BUT HIS MOUTH WON'T WORK!

HE REQUIRES ENCOURAGEMENT.

...WHICH LILITH PROVIDES GLADLY.

HER TEETH TEAR AWAY A TINY CHUNK OF FLESH, WHICH SHE SWIRLS ABOUT HER TONGUE, THEN SPITS AWAY.

TEARS WELL IN ROGER'S EYES... AND THROUGH HIS PAIN... HE SPEAKS, AT LAST.

TH-THE PLANT... SOUTH... BROOKLYN ...THEY TOOK HIM... THERE...!

THANK YOU, ROGER. I'LL BE GOING NOW. BUT IF YOU'VE LIED, I SHALL BE BACK -- FOR MORE THAN MERELY A TASTE.

SOUTHBOUND TRAFFIC ON THE **FDR DRIVE** IS HEAVY TONIGHT AS IT IS **EVERY** NIGHT.

EVEN A MAN OF **KALLEN'S** INFLUENCE AND PRESTIGE CAN'T ALTER **THAT.**

HIS CAR, LIKE EVERY OTHER, CAN MANAGE ONLY THE 35-MILE-PER-HOUR SPEED LIMIT ACROSS THE **BROOKLYN BRIDGE.**

SCREEEE

TWO TONS OF METAL AND ITS CONTENTS— SOME EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS OF FLESH-- MEET THE WATERS OF THE EAST RIVER WITH BONE-CRUSHING FORCE.

SWASH

FOR A MOMENT— IF ONE WERE CLOSE ENOUGH— ONE COULD HEAR SCREAMS OF ANGUISH AND TERROR AND PAIN FROM THE RAPIDLY-SINKING VEHICLE. BUT BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT.

KALLEN CHEMICAL WORKS

THEN IT IS GONE, SWALLOWED BY THE UNCARING CURRENT... THE ONLY EVIDENCE OF ITS EXISTENCE, A GATHERING OF SILVERY BUBBLES ON THE SURFACE OF OF THE MALODOROUS GREEN-BROWN WATER.

THE CAR REMAINS ON THE RIVERBOTTOM FOR LONG HOURS, UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE...

...TO DREDGE IT UNCEREMONIOUSLY UP.

I DON'T GET IT. HOW'D HE LOSE CONTROL O' THE CAR?

WHO KNOWS? EVERYBODY WHO SAW IT'S GOT A DIFFERENT STORY.

DON'T MUCH MATTER, I GUESS. HOW-EVER IT HAPPENED--

--DEAD IS DEAD, AINT IT?

YEAH. I S'POZE. BUT YA GOTTA PITY THE POOR SLOBS. I MEAN, THEY NEVER HAD A CHANCE.

KALLEN CHEMICAL WORKS

HELL, IF THE FALL DIDN'T KILL 'EM, ALL THEY HADDA DO WAS SWALLOW ENOUGH O' THAT WATER--

--AN' THEY'D BE POISONED.

SKIP THE PHILOSOPHY, WILLYA? JUST TAKE THIS DOWN. THREE MALES ALL CAUCASIAN, ALL DECEASED...!

AT VIRTUALLY THAT SAME MOMENT, IN AN UNGLAMOROUS TWO-ROOM APARTMENT IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, A **FOURTH** CAUCASIAN MALE STRUGGLES UP FROM UNCONSCIOUSNESS..

DON'T... WE'LL ALL... BE KILL... ANGEL... GOTTA GET BACK TO... GOTTA...

NOOOOO!

MARTIN!! DON'T!! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! YOU'RE SAFE! YOU'RE ***HOME*** — WITH ***ME*** — WITH ***ANGEL!***

HUH?! NO — THAT ***WOMAN*** — THE CAR — ***KALLEN*** — MY GOD, I SHOULD BE ***DEAD*** — I —!!

NO, NO... YOU'LL BE ***FINE...!***

YOU ***WILL*** — I PROMISE! YOU'VE JUST GOT TO ***REST***... JUST REST... THERE... YES... THAT'S RIGHT...!

SHE... WASN'T ***HUMAN***... SOME KIND OF MONSTER... ALL IN BLACK...

NEVER... SEEN... ANY... THING... LIKE... LIKE... LIKE...

THAT'S RIGHT. SLEEP. FORGET. IT'S ALL ***OVER*** NOW.

WHOEVER BROUGHT YOU BACK TO ME... YOU'RE ***SAFE*** NOW.

I'M ***SORRY***, MARTIN... I SWEAR I AM. I NEVER MEANT TO HURT YOU. YOU WERE ***RIGHT*** ABOUT THE JOB ALL ALONG.

AND I WAS ***WRONG*** TO LET MY ***RAGE*** ENDANGER ***US BOTH***...

...MY DARLING.

FINIS

DOUBLE DYNAMITE!

TWO TITANIC TALES TO BLOW YOU AWAY!

THE HULK

"NIGHT OF THE SOUL-STEALER!"

by Doug Moench and Keith Pollard

A detonating drama unfolds as the belligerent behemoth joins in battle against a nightmare born of the spatial distorter bag!

THE MACABRE MAN-THING

"BEYOND THE GREAT DIVIDE!"

by Steve Gerber and Jim Starlin

At last! The explosive, long-awaited return of the shambling, swamp-monster that you demanded!

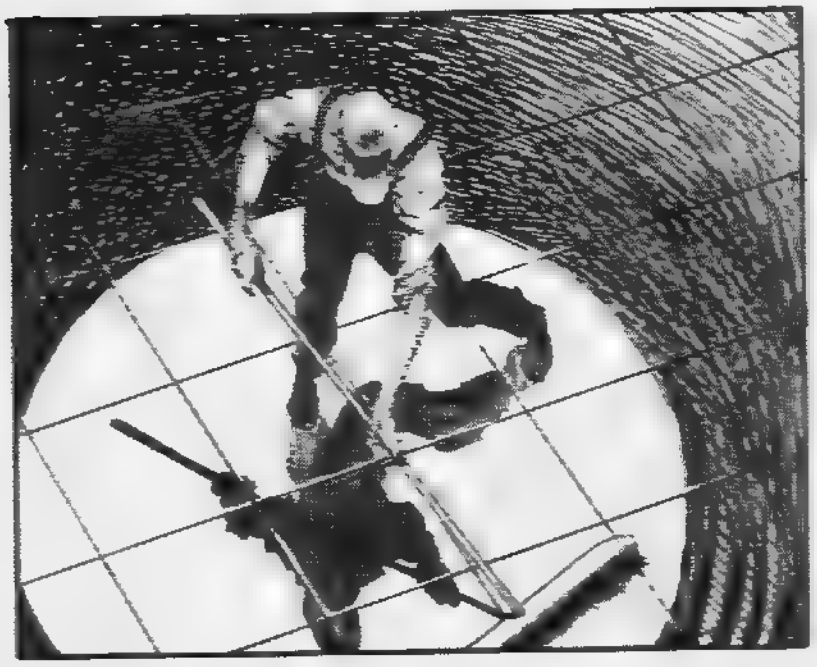
Mighty, marauding man-brute and mindless, miasmic man-monster — together in

The Rampaging HULK

On sale December 2nd!

DAN YERCICH AIN'T *MUCH* OF A NAME, BUT SINCE IT'S THE *ONLY* LABEL ON MY *PACKAGE*, I GUESS IT'LL HAVE TO *DO*.

BORN IN 1948, HERE I AM AT THE INSIDE POCKET OF A TWENTY-SIX-YEARS-IN-THE-MAKING ***DEAD-END***.



IT TOOK ME ALL MY LIFE TO ***GET*** HERE.

IS IT ANY ***WONDER*** I CONSIDER IT A SHAME THAT I'LL SPEND ALL THE ***REST*** OF MY LIFE IN THE ***SAME PLACE...?***

I MEAN, WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT A ***FUTURE***, DON'T EVEN ***BOTHER*** DISCUSSING ***THIS*** PLACE. AFTER ALL, WHAT KIND OF PROSPECTS ARE THERE IN PLAYING ***NURSEMAID*** TO A BUNCH OF ***LOONIES?***

AND ON TOP OF ***THAT***, I HAVE TO GET STUCK WITH THE STINKING ***GRAVEYARD SHIFT--MIDNIGHT*** TO EIGHT IN THE ***MORNING***. SO IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA BE JUST ANOTHER CRAZY NIGHT OF--

SLINKING THROUGH THE PSYCHO-WARD

PATTY-CAKE, PATTY-CAKE, BAKER'S ***MAN***, ***BAKE*** ME A ***CAKE*** AS ***FAST*** AS YOU ***CAN***...

MR. MILLER, WILL YOU ***PLEASE*** MOVE YOUR ***FEET*** SO I CAN SWEEP THE ***FLOOR?*** I'VE ASKED YOU ***SIX TIMES*** NOW, MR. MILLER...

MR. MILLER...?

...TWELVE, THIRTEEN, FOURTEEN, ***FIF***TEEN...

Script: DOUG MOENCH Art: MIKE KALUTA

THEN AGAIN, WHO AM I TO SQUAWK? ME--THE ONLY NORMAL DUDE IN A WARD FULL OF PSYCHOS.

MY MOTHER--GOD BLESS HER--ALWAYS USED TO SAY THE RICHEST MAN IS THE ONE WHO HAS HIS HEALTH. WORKING HERE, I'VE COME TO PLACE MENTAL HEALTH AT THE TOP OF MY PRIORITIES.

MR. MILLER, YOU'VE GOT TO SNAP OUTTA YOUR TRANCE. YOU KNOW THAT YOUR THERAPY CONSISTS OF SPEAKING WITH PEOPLE.

SPEAKING IS A PRECIOUS WASTE OF SILENCE. IT IS DIRTY, IMPURE TRANQUILITY.

BESIDES, YOU'RE NOT PEOPLE. SO JUST REMEMBER THAT I'M NOT SPEAKING TO YOU. SERENITY, SHATTERED WITH A CHAOS OF SOUND.

WHAT-EVER YOU... SAY, MR. MILLER.

SOME OF THE PATIENTS HERE ARE MORE LUCID THAN A NUMBER OF PROFESSORS I'VE KNOWN. I GUESS IT'S TRUE THAT GENIUS IS JUST A STEP AWAY FROM MADNESS...

--AND THAT MUST MEAN I'M THE CUSTODIAN OF THE MOST PROFOUND MINDS IN THE WORLD... 'CAUSE THEY'VE ALL TAKEN THAT ONE STEP BEYOND GENIUS.

BUT THERE I GO WITH USELESS MIND-GAMES AGAIN--THOUGHTS WHICH MEAN NOTHING, REALLY. SOMETIMES I THINK THAT THINKING IS THE MOST DIRECT PATH TO MADNESS MAN HAS YET DEVISED.

AND I DO A LOT OF THAT HERE. THINKING, THAT IS.

ALL RIGHT-- WE'LL GET HIM FROM BEHIND AND I BLOW THIS JOINT.

NOW, NOW--WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR GAMES TONIGHT, FELLOWS. IF YOU CAN'T SLEEP WHEN YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO, AT LEAST DO SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE.

SHUCKS, WE WAHRN'T GONNA DO NUTHIN, MA'AM... BUT A BODY COULD GO PLUMB LOCO IN THIS STIR-CRAZY ASYLUM.

YEAH.

I KNOW HOW IT IS, JOHNNY.

MY MOTHER ALWAYS USED TO SAY THAT *PITYING* A PERSON WAS THE *MOST* CRUEL THING YOU COULD *DO* TO THEM...

...BECAUSE *RECEIVING* THE THE PITY ONLY REMINDED THEM THAT THEY *DESERVED* IT.

BUT IT'S HARD TO *AVOID* PITYING THE PEOPLE TRAPPED IN HERE, MANY BECAUSE THEIR ALLEGED *"LOVED ONES"* CAN'T BE *BOTHERED* WITH THEM.

THIS IS THE PLACE YOU FINALLY DUMP THE HAYWIRE LIVING DREK YOU'VE MANAGED TO GET OUT OF YOUR *HAIR*.

AND THAT'S A *PITY*...

BECAUSE I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHO TO PITY THE *MOST*-- THE *PATIENTS*... OR THE ONES WHO COME TO *VISIT* THEM OUT OF SUNDAY AFTERNOON *GUILT*.

KILL!

KILLLLL!!!

ONE THING ABOUT THIS PLACE--A NIGHT DOESN'T *GO BY* THAT ISN'T DECORATED WITH *SOME* EXCITEMENT...

COME *ON* NOW, GEORGIA-- YOU *KNOW* YOU CAN'T KILL ANYBODY WITH THAT LITTLE PLASTIC *FORK*.

WHY DO YOU THINK WE MAKE THEM OUT OF *PLASTIC*...?

KILL--! I WANT TO *KILL*!!!

WHO DO YOU WANT TO KILL GEORGIA--WHO'S SO *BAD* THAT YOU FEEL YOU MUST *KILL* THEM--?

NOT *YOU*. I *LOVE* YOU. I *ADORE* YOU.

GET ME *OUT* OF HERE, HUH, *PLEASE*? PRETTY PLEASE WITH *SUGAR* ON IT...?

GO BACK TO BED, GEORGIA.

YOU'RE HAVING A BAD DREAM.

I FEEL MORE HELPLESS THAN ANYTHING, IN THIS JOB. LIKE I HAVE NO CONTROL--CAN'T DO WHAT I WANT TO DO--WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE...

BUT STILL, I DO SERVE AN IMPORTANT FUNCTION. I SUPPOSE IT'S THE POOR MONEY THAT HAS MY MOTHER DISAPPOINTED WITH ME...

SHE JUST DOESN'T REALIZE WHAT THESE POOR PEOPLE ARE LIKE--THAT THEY NEED SOMEONE TO CARE FOR THEM ...DESPERATELY. DOESN'T REALIZE THAT SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO THE JOB--AS UNPLEASANT AS IT MAY SEEM...

EVERY SINGLE TINY ASPECT OF WHAT I DO IS VITALLY IMPORTANT TO THE STATE-OF-MIND THESE PEOPLE LIVE IN...

6-C

...AND THE GROUNDWORK IS LAID WITH THE NEW PATIENTS --WITH THEIR FORMAL GREETING AND INDOCTRINATION...

HELLO THERE. I'M DAN YERCICH AND I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO INTRODUCE MYSELF UNTIL NOW...

I SEE YOU'RE ALL HAVING TROUBLE SLEEPING, THIS BEING YOUR FIRST NIGHT AND ALL...

CLAPTRAP!

THIS ISN'T OUR FIRST NIGHT HERE. WE'VE ALL BEEN HERE LONGER THAN WE'VE BEEN ALIVE--WE WERE BORN TO LUNACY AND ITS SLIMY CORRIDOR OF WHITE ROOMS!

I WON'T PATRONIZE YOU WITH SOOTHING AGREEMENT, MR... UH, I DON'T BELIEVE I CAUGHT YOUR NAME...

YOU KNOW MY NAME --YOU'VE KNOWN IT FOR YEARS. IT'S RIGHT OUTSIDE, ABOVE THE DOOR--"WARD 6C"!! AND YOU'LL KNOW MY NAME IN HELL, TOO!

HELL?

YES, **HELL!** DON'T THINK WE'RE NOT **WISE** TO YOUR TRICKS--WE **KNOW** YOU WANT TO **CHOP US UP!** WHY DO YOU THINK WE DON'T **SLEEP** WHEN YOU'RE AROUND? WE'RE AFRAID TO CLOSE OUR **EYES**, THAT'S WHY! BUT IF YOU **TRY** ANYTHING, WE'LL TAKE **YOU WITH** US!!

WHERE **ARE** WE?

WE'RE IN THE MENTAL HEALTH WARD OF **RAVENSWOOD HOSPITAL.**

WHERE IS RAVENSWOOD HOSPITAL?

IT'S IN **HELL!**

IT'S ON **BELLE PLAINE AVENUE.**

WHERE IS BELLE PLAINE AVENUE?

IT'S IN **CHICAGO.**

WHERE IS CHICAGO?

IN **ILLINOIS**...IN THE **UNITED STATES.** IT'S RIGHT **HERE**, DON'T YOU **SEE?**

YES...

I **SEE**...

EXCEPT...

...WHERE **ARE** WE?

WE--

--CAN FINISH TALKING **TOMORROW** NIGHT.

I KNOW WHERE WE ARE--IN A SNOW WHITE **LOONEY-BIN** WITH BLOOD-RED **SHADOWS!**

AND YOU'D BETTER NOT TRY CHOPPING UP **OUR** SHADOWS!!

IT'S SO *FRUSTRATING*--SO *DAMNED* FRUSTRATING. A SICKNESS WITH NO *GERMS*.. AND NO *VACCINE*. NO *HOPE*...

HOW *COULD* MY MOTHER UNDERSTAND WHY I MUST STAY HERE? *SHE'S* NEVER BOTHERED TO COME SEE THESE PEOPLE--TO EXPERIENCE THEIR *HOPELESSNESS*, THEIR UTTER *ANGUISH*...

...THEIR PIT OF FOUL, CANCEROUS *MADNESS*.

--CHOP US ALL *UP* IS WHAT *HE* WANTS TO DO!!

WHAT *DOES* CONSTITUTE ACHIEVEMENT, I WONDER... IS IT MY MOTHER'S CONCEPT OF MAKING *MONEY*?

...OR IS IT TRYING TO HELP PEOPLE *BEYOND* HELP?

AND CAN *ANYTHING* EVER REALLY *BE* ACHIEVED IN THE FIRST PLACE...?

I *KNOW* I'M NOT A SUCCESS, AND I KNOW I NEVER *WILL* BE A SUCCESS--NOT IN *THIS* JOB.

NO ONE IS A SUCCESS *HERE*.

IT'S TIME TO GO *HOME*.

IT'S THE SAME *EVERY* NIGHT. YOU SPEND THE ENTIRE DARKNESS TRYING TO HELP PEOPLE AND YOU END UP GOING *HOME*...

WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO *DO*?

NOTHING. EXCEPT GO *HOME*...

BUT *THIS* TIME, AT LEAST IT WON'T BE *EMPTY-HANDED*.

RAVENSWOOD HOSPITAL

THIS TIME, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO *SHOW* FOR MY NIGHT'S WORK...

SOMETHING TO TAKE *HOME*...PROOF OF MY *ACHIEVEMENT*...OF WHAT I'VE *ACCOMPLISHED*...

...SOMETHING TO SHOW THAT I'M *NOT* A HOPE-LESS LOSER...

...THANKS TO MY MOTH-ER'S *ENCOURAGEMENT*.

OH MY *GOD*--! IT'S *YERCICH* ALL RIGHT-- HACKED TO *PIECES*... AND HIS *CUSTODIAN'S UNIFORM'S* BEEN TAKEN...

I *TOLD* YOU NOBODY COULD STEAL ANYTHING FROM MY KITCHEN WITH-OUT ME *NOTICING* IT--!

YEAH, I OWE *EVERYTHING* TO MY MOTHER. WITHOUT HER CONSTANTLY PUSHING, PUSHING, *PUSHING* ME...I'D *NEVER* BE WHAT I AM NOW...

AND THAT'S WHY I'M BRINGING THIS *HOME*--IT'S A *PRESENT* FOR HER...

SO MAYBE THAT PLACE *IS* A DEAD-END. BUT IT WAS MOM WHO *GOT* ME THERE...AND NOW, AFTER *EIGHT YEARS* IN THAT PLACE--

--I'M FINALLY GOING HOME TO *MOTHER*. IT'S ONLY *RIGHT* THAT I SHOULD BRING A *PRESENT* FOR HER...*ISN'T* IT?

FIN

BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT VIA THE IRVING AWARDS !!

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DEATH OF THE LIVING DEAD!

THE HOT, HUMIDLY HEAVY AFTERNOON AIR HAS YET TO STIR BEFORE THE FEEBLE EVENING BREEZE, AND SILENCE HANGS THICKLY OVER THE SHELTERING JUNGLE...
...WHILE LIFE SEEMS TO HAVE SUCCUMBED TO A DROWSY, FITFUL SLUMBER IN ANTICIPATION OF NIGHT.
EXCEPT, THAT IS, FOR TWO SLUGGISH FORMS--ONE ALIVE IN A REPTILIAN SORT OF WAY--
--AND THE OTHER...
AND IT'S GIL KILL!
THAT'S WHY IT IS HERE!

Script: DAVID KRAFT Art: BOB BROWN & PABLO MARCOS

BEHOLD THE EMBITTERED CHIEF OF A DYING VILLAGE...

W'SULLI IS OLD...

AND HAS GROWN FEEBLE, EVEN AS THE SECRETS OF THE LOAS HAVE EBBED FROM ME WITH MY FADING MEMORIES!

ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE SOUR TWILIGHT OF DESPAIR-- FOR VOODOO HAS STOLEN LIFE FROM AROUND ME...AND LEFT ONLY HATE!

HATE FOR--

CHOMPPH-KK!

...WHO FIRST CAME HERE TO THIS VILLAGE ON A SULTRY AFTERNOON SIX YEARS AGO.

HE SPOKE NOT OF HIS PAST...AND HE BECAME, FIRST, WITCH-DOCTOR, AND THEN, IN TIME, CHIEF!

EVER WAS HE SHORT OF TEMPER--

AND AFFLICTED BY SEIZURES.

M'JENA HELP CHIEF W'SULLI...?

THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS ADOPTED TRIBE IN A ROTTING VOODOO-SPAWNED PLAGUE HAS NOT EASED THESE

W'SULLI NEEDS NO HELP!

...NO HELP AT ALL...

...NOW IT COMES AGAIN, IN PHYSICAL GUISE, TO FINISH ITS WORK!

KRAAAK-

TIME CONGEALS FOR THOSE WHO THOUGHT THEY HAD THWARTED THE CLAMMY FINGERS OF GREEDY DEATH--

--UNTIL ONE BREAKS THE SPELL AND RUSHES WILDLY FORWARD, A DESPERATE SNARL OF DEFIANCE ON HIS LIPS...

...THAT IS SWIFTLY REPLACED BY A BLOOD-CHOKED MOAN OF RAW PAIN!

KROOM!

THE AIR IS THICK, STIFLING. W'SULLI STRAINS TO RECALL THE FULL RITUAL FOR SENDING A ZOMBIE BACK TO ITS UNHOLY GRAVE...

...TO NO AVAIL!

I MUST REMEMBER. W'SULLI MUST REMEMBER!

--UHHHHHG--!

...TOO LATE.

...RAGE...HATE...DESPAIR...THE EMOTIONS SWELL LIKE A BLOATED CORPSE, OBSCURING REASON...

...KNOWING ONLY ONE OUTLET...

...A SUICIDAL ATTACK ON THIS PUTREFYING MESSENGER OF DEATH!

STILL A YOUTH, HE'S SEEN HIS FRIENDS--HIS FAMILY--PERISH IN ROTTED DISEASE, WHILE OLD W'SULLI STOOD BY AND DID... NOTHING.

SKRAT!

A SINGLE MOMENT OF UNSURPASSED PAIN...

...IS FOLLOWED BY AN INSTANT OF SEARING AGONY...

EEYARGHH!

...AND AN ETERNITY OF NOTHINGNESS.

NIGH MINDLESS, THE ZOMBIE DISCARDS ITS LIFELESS PREY, AND SEEKS OTHER WRETCHED VICTIMS...

...WHILE W'SULLI LIES IN A CATATONIC STATE...

...AND IS FORTUNATE NOT TO HEAR THE AWFUL SCREAMS THAT SPORADICALLY REND THE SLUGGISH AIR!

A LATE AFTERNOON BREEZE STIRS FAINTLY WHEN W'SULLI AWAKENS--BUT HE IS THE ONLY ONE THERE TO FEEL IT...THE REST ARE DEAD OR GONE.

THE GUILT IS W'SULLI'S!

SHARDS OF EMOTION HAVE BLINDED ME, AND MANY HAVE SUFFERED BECAUSE OF IT...

...BUT THIS... THIS IS TOO MUCH!

AGE HAS ROBBED MY SECRETS, MY STRENGTH--AND I WOULD NOT TRUST MY OWN HAND IN THIS MATTER...

...YET THERE IS THE LEGEND...

W'SULLI STRUGGLES TO REMEMBER THE WORDS--THEY ARE ELUSIVE, BUT HIS WILL IS STRONG, AND FINALLY THEY COME. HE SPEAKS THEM HALTINGLY THROUGH PARCHED LIPS..

...HALF AFRAID THAT HE HAS BECOME A SENILE OLD FOOL, PLACING FAITH IN EMPTY DREAMS.

AND THEN THE AIR TURNS CHILL, AND ABRUPTLY BEFORE HIM APPEARS GILGAMESH--

THE ETERNAL WARRIOR

HE WHO WAS KNOWN BY MANY NAMES TO MANY PEOPLE THROUGH THE AGES; AYE, HE WHO RETURNS FROM THE DEAD TO FIGHT AND CONQUER--THEN RETIRES AGAIN TO THE OBLIVION OF THE GRAVE...!

GILGAMESH. THAT HAD BEEN HIS NAME, BEFORE HE DIED; NOW IT DOESN'T MATTER. W'SULLI CALLS HIM SAR'WA.

--THUS MI'CHI'LI HAS USED THE POWERS OF THE LOAS TO KILL, TO DESTROY... WITH BUT ONE GOAL-- THE TORMENT OF AN OLD MAN...

...WILL YOU HELP W'SULLI, WHO ONCE THOUGHT HIMSELF TOO PROUD TO ACCEPT HELP?

PLEASE?

I AM A WARRIOR. IT IS MY BURDEN TO FIGHT BATTLE AFTER BATTLE... FOR-EVER...

...YEA, I WILL HELP YOU, OLD MAN...

WITH THE SKILL BORN OF AGES, GILGAMESH STALKS HIS FOE...

...AND DIMLY HE SEARCHES HIS FLEETING MEMORIES, WONDERING WHAT IT WAS LIKE WHEN HIS THOUGHTS WERE OF MORE THAN JUST COMBAT AND DEATH...

...WHILE AHEAD, IN THE EBONY DEPTHS OF THE JUNGLE, LUMBERS THE MINDLESS SLAVE OF MI'CHI'LI!

SLOWLY, STIFFLY IT MOVES--

--UNLIKE THE ETERNAL WARRIOR, WHO, ALTHOUGH HE IS ALSO ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD, IS SOMEHOW MORE THAN AN INARTICULATE WALKING CORPSE!

YAH-HAH-HAH!!

HIS KNIFE SEEKS A CLAMMY THROAT, AND AS THE RIGID CORPSE FALLS SLUGGISHLY GILGAMESH IS ALREADY ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE DARKNESS...

...TO FIND MI'CHI'LI.

HEAR ME, LOA! THIS IS MY NIGHT OF TRIUMPH!

BY NOW MY ZOMBIE HAS KILLED THOSE WHO DID NOT ROT AWAY IN FOUL DISEASE, AND OLD W'SULLI IS FINALLY DEAD...

...AND DAMNED!

KLUNK!

DAMNED MAYBE... BUT NOT DEAD!

MEICHI'LI CHOKES IN FEAR AT THE COLD TONES OF THIS DEATHLY APPARITION--

~AND THEN FINDS WORDS AGAIN WITH THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF HIS UNHOLY SLAVE...

KILL THE WARRIOR!

UNDEAD WORDS

...FOR HOW CAN AN ETERNAL WARRIOR WHO PERISHED LONG AGO BE KILLED?

GILGAMESH WONDERS THE SAME THING ABOUT HIS LIVING DEAD ADVERSARY...

...WHO MERELY WRENCHES THE SPEAR ROUGHLY FROM DECAYED, UNFEELING FLESH...

...AND MINDLESSLY ATTACKS!

THIS IS W'SULLI'S DOING! I HATE W'SULLI!

HATE!

AND THEN THE ETERNAL WARRIOR SEES A WAY.

LIKE A PUTRID STYGIAN DEMON OF DEATH, THE UNGODLY ZOMBIE RISES INEXORABLY FROM THE FLAMES...

I HATE W'SULLI! I HATE...

UNGH HNK

...HATE...

...AND THEN, NO LONGER COMPELLED TO UNNATURAL LIFE BY THE DARK VOODOO OF MI'CHI'LI, THE LONG-DEAD CORPSE FALLS BACK INTO THE FIRE...

...AND THE ACRID STENCH OF BURNING FLESH FILLS THE NIGHT AIR OF THE JUNGLE.

DAWN... AND THE ETERNAL WARRIOR LONGS FOR THE OBLIVION OF NON-EXISTENCE FROM WHICH HE WAS SUMMONED.

THE WITHERED OLD MAN HAS SAT UNMOVING -- WAITING -- ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, AND HE IS SILENT AS GILGAMESH PLACES THE BODY NEAR HIM.

YES, THE GUILT IS INDEED W'SULLI'S...

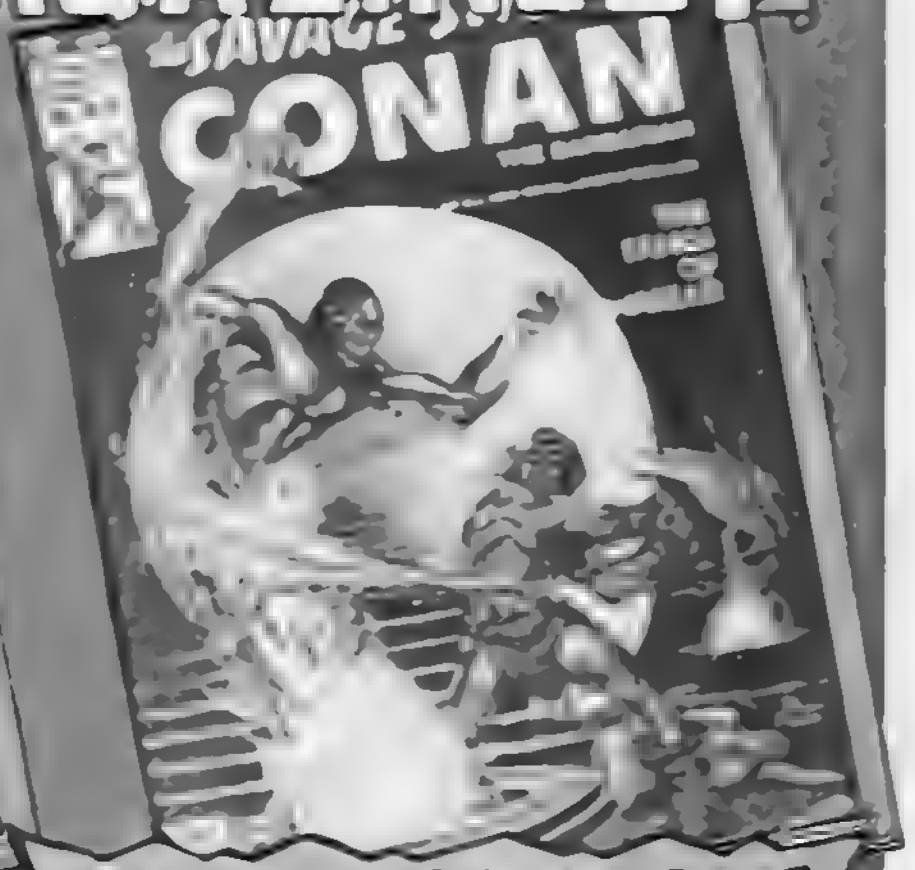
...FOR THIS WAS HIS SON.

FIN

A WHOLE GALAXY OF FAR-FLUNG FANTASY AWAITS YOU IN THE GRAND AND GLORIOUS GROUP OF...

MARVEL MAGAZINES!

THE RAMPAGING HULK!
EXPERIENCE THE BARELEST EPIC ADVENTURES OF THE MIGHTY MAN-BRUTE WHOSE MINDLESS FURY KNOWS NO BOUNDS!



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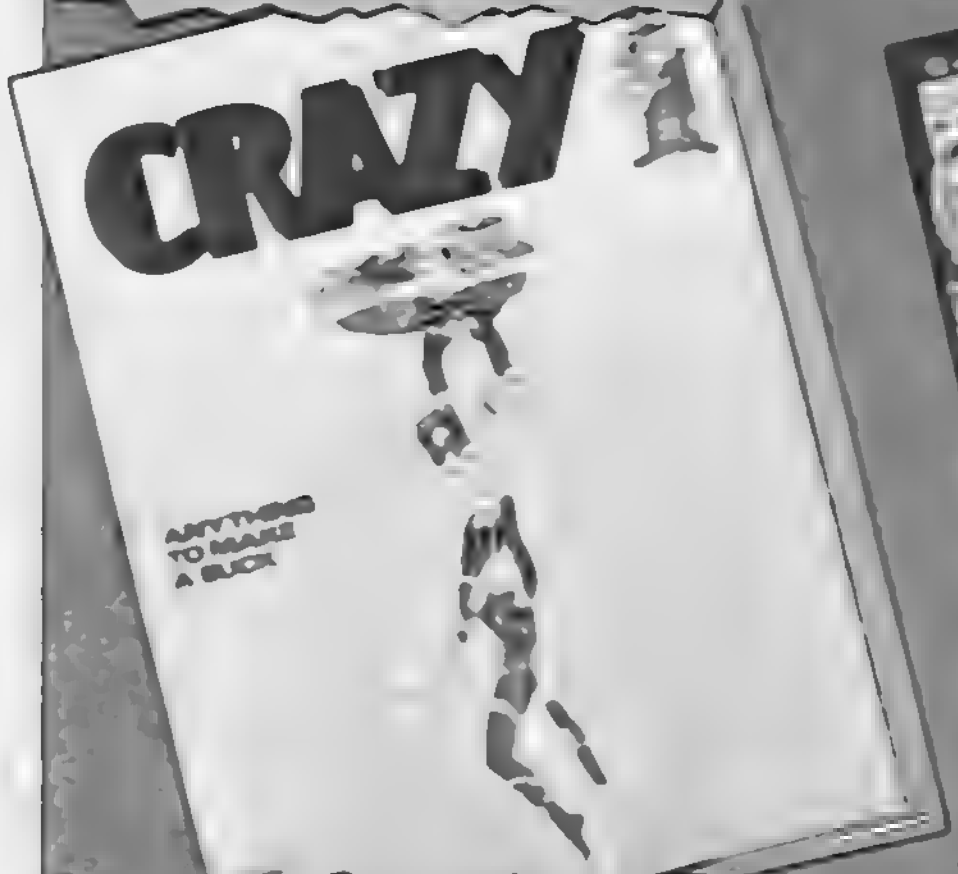
AN EXCITING MONTHLY EXCURSION INTO MYSTIC LOST REALMS OF BARBARIC ADVENTURE!



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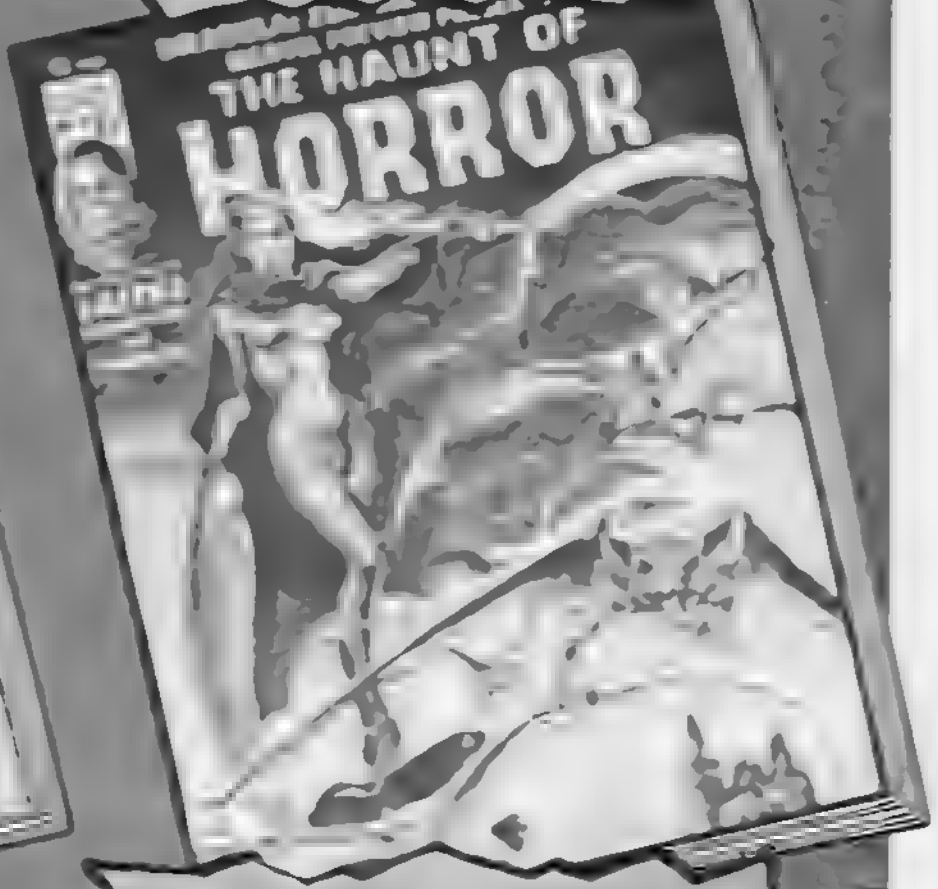
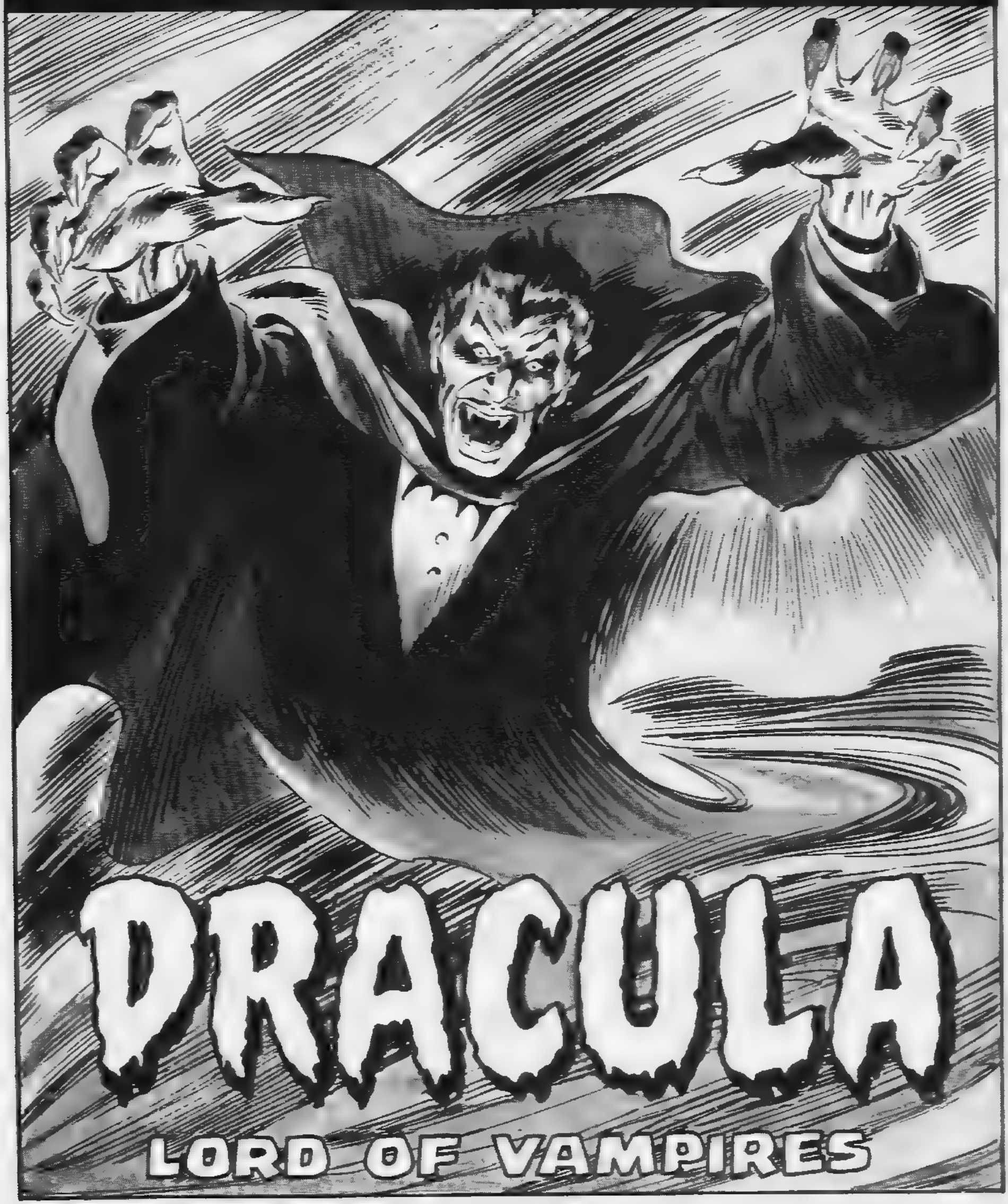
A COMIC CACOPHONY OF RANDOM OLD PARODY SPLENDID SATIRE AND LIVELY LAMPOON--AND IT'S A MAD MONTHLY AS WELL!



MARVEL PREVIEW!
A TITAN'S TOMESTONE OF FANTASY ENCOMPASSING AN AWESOME ARRAY OF ADVENTURE--FROM SWORD AND SORCERY SCIENCE-FICTION TO SWASHBUCKLING ROMANCE AND SORCERY!

MARVEL MAGAZINES!
ACTION, ADVENTURE--AND JUST A LITTLE ABSURDITY
ALL AVAILABLE NOW AT YOUR NEAREST NIFTY NEWSSTAND!

Hidden in the shadows where legend and reality **MERGE**, there are tales of a being who has lived for more than **FIVE HUNDRED YEARS**; they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of **HELL** itself; they say he thrives on the **BLOOD** of innocents, that he is King of Darkness ... the Prince of Evil, and that even the bravest man quakes in **FEAR** at the merest mention of his name ...



A PICTURE of ANDREA

HOW 'BOUT IT, ANDREA--FEEL LIKE TALKING YET?
FEEL LIKE TELLING ME WHO MURDERED YOU?
ANDREA. A NICE NAME. NICER FACE. YEAH... AND BODY TOO.
THE PITY OF THE WHOLE MESS IS THAT IT WAS PROBABLY TOO PERFECT... BECAUSE ALL INDICATIONS POINT TO THE FACT THAT ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE... SHE WAS A NICE PERSON... NOW DEAD.
STILL NOT TALKING, HUH? SOMEONE SLASHED THE LIFE RIGHT OUT OF YOU--AND YOU WATCHED THE WHOLE BLOODY SCENE WITHOUT SO MUCH AS WINCING! OH, NO OFFENSE TO SELF-PORTRAITS INTENDED...
...BUT SOMEHOW I THINK I'D PREFER FLESH TO OILS!
SO I WAS ADMITTING IT. SHE WAS DEAD AND GONE AND I'D NEVER EVEN MET OR KNOWN HER... BUT I WAS BEGINNING TO WISH I HAD, AND REGRETTING I NEVER WOULD.

Script: DOUG MOENCH Art: SONNY TRINIDAD

JUST ANOTHER **HOMICIDE** THEY'D SAID DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS, RUBBER-STAMPING THEIR REPORTS WHILE CHEWING SOMEONE ELSE'S **CIGARS**. JUST ANOTHER **STATISTIC**, ANOTHER **CASE**. OH SURE, WRAPPED IN A LITTLE MORE **MYSTERY** THAN MOST... BUT STILL BOILING DOWN TO JUST ANOTHER FACELESS **FACT OF LIFE**. EXCEPT FOR ONE THING: THE PORTRAIT **HAD** A FACE.

NICE **PLACE** YOU HAD HERE, ANDREA! BOHEMIAN WITH **CLASS**!

HELLUVA LOT NICER THAN MY **SHACK WITH CLUTTER**...

SO THEY TOOK THE STATISTICS AND THE CASE AND THE MYSTERY AND THE FACT OF LIFE (ALL OF WHICH AMOUNTED TO A PLAIN AND SIMPLE **DEATH**) AND THEY GAVE IT A **NEW NAME**. IT WAS **JUST ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT** NOW--HANDED TO **ME**. I **ACCEPTED** IT, OF COURSE. IT'S HOW I MAKE A **LIVING** IN THIS RAT-RACE...

BUT SOMEHOW--**NOW**--IT DIDN'T FEEL **RIGHT**. GETTING **PAID**, I MEAN. FOR MY SERVICES AS A PROFESSIONAL **VOYEUR**, PEEPING INTO THE LIFE OF A DEAD GIRL CALLED **ANDREA**.

TIME FOR A **DRINK**, OLD GIRL! AFTER ALL, **HOLMES** HAD HIS **COCAINE**--AND RIGHT NOW I **NEED** SOMETHING TO HELP ME THINK!

AN OBSESSION, I GUESS, BUT NEVER MIND **WHY**. THAT WAS SOMETHING I **DIDN'T** WANT TO KNOW. **FEAR**...?

THAT AND LACK OF SLEEP MADE ME **THIRSTY**. I WAS GLAD SHE STOCKED GOOD **LIQUOR**....LIKE EVERYTHING **ELSE**.

BUT I WASN'T GETTING PAID--NOT AT FOUR IN THE DEEP **MORNING**. EVEN **WITHOUT** THE WRAPPINGS OF MYSTERY, ANDREA'S DEATH WAS STILL A **ROUTINE CASE**. I NEVER EVEN **BOTHERED** ASKING FOR THE OVERTIME.

BESIDES, THE LATE HOURS WERE **UNPLANNED**. I'D COME TO HER APARTMENT IN A HAZE OF **INSOMNIA**. I HAD TO **KNOW**. BUT NOT FOR THE TIDY **BOOKS**. NOT FOR THE DRAWER MARKED **CLOSED**. I HAD TO KNOW FOR **MYSELF**.

DON'T SUPPOSE IT'D BE APPROPRIATE TO TOAST YOUR **HEALTH**, ANDREA!

NEVER **WAS** RELIGIOUS **MYSELF**...

SO LET'S JUST SAY—

...HERE'S TO **ART**! LONG... **LIVE**... ART!

I COULD'VE **SWORN** SHE WINKED FROM ACROSS THE ROOM. IT WAS **LATE**.

A WEIRD **FEELING**—ALONE IN A STRANGE APARTMENT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. A PLACE STILL WARM AND **ALIVE** WITH THE VIBRATIONS OF THE GIRL WHO HAD **OCCUPIED** IT. TALKING TO A **PAINTING**, STUDYING IT—TRYING TO **GLEAN CLUES** TO THE NATURE OF ITS **SUBJECT**...

I'D NEVER GOTTEN PERSONALLY **INVOLVED** ON A CASE BEFORE... NEVER **FALLEN** FOR A MISSING **CORPSE**.

MAYBE **THAT** WAS IT. **HABEAS CORPUS**: "YOU SHALL HAVE THE **BODY**." WE **DIDN'T**. NO BODY, NO **PROOF**. AND UNTIL I **SAW** HER BLOODY CORPSE, I COULD STILL **HOPE**...

EXCEPT FOR THE **BLOOD**—ENOUGH TO DROWN A **HORSE**, ALL THE SAME **TYPE**, ALL FROM THE SAME **VEINS** AND **MORE**—AN ENOUGH TO CAUSE **DEATH**.

OKAY. SO IT WASN'T **REALISTIC** HOPE. MAYBE IT WAS **MELANCHOLY** HOPE, THE SELF-SADISTIC LONGINGS OF A **ROMANTIC**. A BYRONIC FIGURE DRESSED IN THE PLAINCLOTHES OF A **COP**.

STILL, SHE CERTAINLY WAS AN APT **SUBJECT** FOR SUCH LONGINGS. AN **ARTIST**... A CLASSY **SENSITIVE** GIRL WITH ALL THE MYSTIQUE OF SOMEONE WHO HAS CHOSEN **FREEDOM** AND SOMEHOW FOUND PARADOXICAL **SECURITY** IN IT.

TIME TO LEAVE THE OBSESSION AND HIT THE MYSTERY...

A MYSTERY AS EERIE AND SILENT AS ANDREA'S PORTRAIT...

FIRST THERE WAS THE **BATH TOWEL**, COLLAPSED ON THE RUG WHERE [illegible]'S WET BODY HAD **LEFT** [illegible]...

...AND SIX FEET FROM THE TOWEL... THE **BLOOD**, FEEDING THE RUG CRUSTED **CRIMSON**...

THE TOWEL, THE BLOOD, AND **NOTHING ELSE**. NO FINGERPRINTS, NO MURDER WEAPON, NO **CORPSE**. JUST A LOT OF COPS WITH **CREASED BROWS**...

...AND ANDREA'S PORTRAIT.

THE LAB WAS **RIGHT**, OF COURSE, AND **THEREIN** LAY THE **MYSTERY**. ONE: THE BLOOD WAS CONCENTRATED IN **ONE LARGE STAIN**, RULING OUT A **STRUGGLE**. TWO: IT HAD **SPLASHED** TO THE RUG FROM A CONSIDERABLE HEIGHT, SUGGESTING A **HEAD** OR **THROAT** WOUND--AND RULING OUT THE POSSIBILITY OF INSTANT **DEATH** OR **UNCONSCIOUSNESS**.

A **PRONE** BODY WOULD HAVE BLED A **SPREADING**--RATHER THAN **SPLASHING**--STAIN. ERGO, THE VICTIM WAS ON HER **FEET**... AND **SHOULD** HAVE STRUGGLED.

THREE: IT HAD SPLASHED AT INTERVALS, THEN, SPREAD TO JOIN INTO A SINGLE BLOT. BUT WHY NOT A CONSTANT STREAM? HAD A TOURNIQUET BEEN INTERMITTENTLY LOOSENED...?

AND FOUR: THERE WAS A LOT OF BLOOD, BUT NOT THE FULL CAPACITY OF A BODY THE SIZE OF ANDREA'S. ERGO, THE CORPSE HAD BEEN REMOVED WITH SOME BLOOD STILL CONTAINED. SO WHERE WAS THE DRIPPED TRAIL LEADING TO THE DOOR--?

I'M STILL STUMPED, ANDREA ...BUT THEN, WHAT DID WE EXPECT?

WHY WOULD THE MURDERER STEAL YOUR CORPSE? WHAT'S HE DOING WITH IT....?

BETTER RUN THROUGH THE WHOLE THING AGAIN!

THE TOWEL! FACE IT, OLD GIRL--YOU WERE WET...

PROBABLY TAKING A SHOWER!

FSHSHSH!

TIME OF DEATH IS ESTIMATED AT JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT TUESDAY!

SO AT APPROXIMATELY 11:30 P.M., YOU MUST'VE EMERGED FROM THE BATHROOM WRAPPED IN THE TOWEL...

THEN YOU CAME INTO THIS ROOM, MAYBE FOR A DRINK...

NO-- IT WAS PAST THE BAR! MAYBE TO START A FIRE, THEN...

OBVIOUSLY YOU WERE UNAWARE OF ANY DANGER... SURPRISED BY THE MURDERER... WHICH MEANS HE WAS ALREADY INSIDE THE APARTMENT!

NO SIGN OF FORCED ENTRY, AND THE DOOR WAS LOCKED... SO THE MURDERER MUST'VE HAD A KEY...

HOW ELSE COULD HE HAVE GOTTEN INSIDE...?

SO IT HAD TO BE A KEY! AND SINCE THE BUILDING SUPER ISN'T LIKELY ...IT LEAVES OUR ONE PRIME SUSPECT, ALIBI OR NOT!

IT HAD TO BE THAT FRUITY BOYFRIEND OF YOURS-- JAMES NAGLE...

AHH, MAYBE I'M JUST BEING **JEALOUS**, ANDREA ! NAGLE'S ALIBI IS **AIRTIGHT!**

SO I'LL RUN THROUGH THE **REST** OF THIS LITTLE DRAMA WITHOUT **NAMES**, ALL RIGHT...?

NOW WHERE **WERE** WE? LET'S SEE... YOU WERE IN THE BATH TOWEL, UNAWARE OF **DANGER**, AND THE MURDERER WAS **LURKING** SOMEWHERE IN THE ROOM..

SO HE MUST'VE **LUNGED** FROM HIDING ...SEIZING OR **SURPRISING** YOU..

ANDREA.

WHO--?!

I AM...

...**DRACULA!**

ALL RIGHT, SO HE **GRABBED** YOU--AND THERE **HAD** TO BE A STRUGGLE ...PROBABLY **THERE**, IN THE **CENTER** OF THE ROOM WHERE THERE'S THE LEAST **FURNITURE** TO KNOCK OVER...

OR ELSE HE LATER **RIGHTED** THE FURNITURE... BUT THERE **MUST** HAVE BEEN A STRUGGLE-- YOU **MUST'VE** FOUGHT FOR YOUR LIFE...

YOUR... YOUR **EYES**-- SO ...**INTENSE**...

MESMERIZING, ANDREA! THEY SAP YOUR **WILL**...

...SUCK YOUR **SOUL!**

YOU ARE **MINE**, ANDREA! I AM YOUR LORD AND **MASTER**!

YOU WILL **OBEY** MY EVERY WISH... **FULFILL** MY EVERY **NEED**!

I AM...

...YOURS... LORD DRACULA

AND IN THE **STRUGGLE** HE MUST HAVE GRASPED YOUR **TOWEL**...

...RIPPED IT **FREE**, AND LET IT FALL TO THE **FLOOR**...

...LOWER YOUR **ARM**, ANDREA

YES...

...LORD DRACULA...

YOU ARE **MAGNIFICENT**, ANDREA

COME TO ME..

THEN, STILL STRUGGLING, HE MUST HAVE **WRESTLED** YOU ACROSS THE ROOM...

...TAKING YOU FROM THE TOWEL TO THE POINT ON THE RUG WHERE THE **BLOOD STAIN** IS NOW LOCATED...

I AM GOING TO **KISS** YOU, ANDREA! I AM GOING TO **KISS** YOUR SOFT, GENTLY PULSING **THROAT**...

WILL IT **PLEASE** YOU, ANDREA...?

YES, LORD DRACULA... I SEE **ECSTASY** IN YOUR EYES... DARK **PLEASURE** IN YOUR **KISS**...

BUT... WHY HAVE YOU... CHOSEN... **ME**...?

AND THEN, FOR MOTIVE OR MOTIVES **UNKNOWN**--UNLESS IT **WAS** NAGLE, OF COURSE--HE PROCEEDED TO **MURDER** YOU... WHICH IS WHERE **NOTHING** STARTS TO MAKE SENSE!

YOU WEREN'T **SENSELESS**, OR HE'D HAVE LET YOU **FALL**! SO HE MUST'VE HELD YOU **ERECT**, PERHAPS FROM BEHIND WITH HIS ARM AROUND YOUR **NECK**...BUT WHAT KIND OF **STRENGTH** WOULD IT TAKE TO HOLD YOU IN SUCH A **FIXED POSITION**--?

OKAY IT **DOESN'T** MAKE SENSE...BUT DEFYING ALL **LOGIC** AND DESPITE YOUR FRANTIC **SQUIRMING**, ANDREA ...HE SOMEHOW HELD YOU **RIGIDLY** IN THE **ONE SPOT**... AND **KILLED** YOU...

PROBABLY WITH A **KNIFE SLASH** TO YOUR **THROAT**...

BECAUSE YOU ARE **WOMAN**, ANDREA...

...AND BECAUSE DRACULA *THIRSTS*--!

UHHHH!

MORE, MY LORD... *PLEASE*--

...*MORE*...

BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T *EXPLAIN* IT, ANDREA...

...STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY THE BLOOD SPLASHED DOWN ONLY IN *INTERVALS*...

MORE, MY LORD, *MORE*...

SO THAT'S IT, OLD GIRL! BACK WHERE WE **STARTED**: A LOT OF **QUESTIONS**, A LOT OF **MYSTERY**... AND ME **STUMPED**!

YOU CERTAINLY DIDN'T WALK OUT OF HERE ON YOUR **OWN** STEAM... USING YOUR OWN KEY TO LOCK THE DOOR BEHIND YOU...

STILL, YOUR KEY **WAS** MISSING FROM YOUR **PURSE**... AND **MONEY** LEFT **INSIDE**!

I'M **TELLING** YOU, ANDREA, YOU'RE MAKING IT **HARD** FOR ME! TRYING MY **BEST**, BUT THERE'S JUST NO **CLUES**...

IF ONLY YOU'D **COME BACK** SO I COULD--

KLICH!

JUST WHAT THE **HELL** ARE YOU DOING HERE IN ANDREA'S **APARTMENT**, CHAPEL?--IN THE **MIDDLE** OF THE **NIGHT** YET--!

I MIGHT ASK **YOU** THE SAME QUESTION, MR. NAGLE!

IN THE BACK OF MY MIND, I WAS STILL **CONVINCED** THAT NAGLE HAD COMMITTED THE MURDER. I **ITCHED** TO SMACK HIS GUMMY TEETH RIGHT DOWN HIS **THROAT**... AND CURSED THE **RULES** AND **REGULATIONS** WHICH KEPT MY HANDS **TIED**.

DON'T START LEVELING THAT **ARCH IMPUDENCE** AT **ME**, LIEUTENANT.' I'VE READ ALL THE CHEAP COP NOVELS **TOO**!

YOU KNOW DAMN **WELL** I'M-- **WAS** ANDREA'S **FIANCE**! I HAVE EVERY **RIGHT** TO VISIT HER APARTMENT!

GOODY FOR **YOU**, LIMP-WRIST!

I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO BE SO **SNIDE**, LIEUTENANT CHAPEL! YOU'RE IN A RATHER PRECARIOUS **POSITION** RIGHT NOW...

YOU SEE, I **HEARD** YOU WHEN I WAS OUT IN THE **HALL**...

...AND I THINK YOUR DEPARTMENT **SUPERIORS** MIGHT FIND IT RATHER **ALARMING** TO LEARN THAT YOU WERE **HERE** TONIGHT-- TALKING TO ANDREA'S **PORTRAIT** AS THOUGH SHE WERE SOME **LONG-LOST LOVER**--!

DRINKING HER **LIQUOR** AS THOUGH YOU **LIVED** HERE!

WHAT KIND OF GHOUL **ARE** YOU LIEUTENANT--?!

WHAT KIND OF MAN WOULD FALL IN **LOVE** WITH A **DEAD WOMAN**--?!

TWO MORE **SECONDS** AND I'D HAVE BEEN BOUNCING HIS HEAD OFF THE **WALLS**...

BUT--

SKLACK-C CLICK

OUT OF **SIGHT**, NAGLE-- WHOEVER IT IS, HE THINKS THE DOOR'S **LOCKED**! HE'LL BE **CONFUSED** A FEW MOMENTS-- TURNING THE **KEY** BACK AND FORTH BEFORE HE REALIZES IT'S **OPEN**...

WHO ELSE HAS A **KEY** TO THIS PLACE?

N-NO ONE...

...J-JUST YOU POLICE--ME... AND...AND...

ANDREA--!

JAMES--WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE! I HEARD YOU SHOUTING FROM OUTSIDE...

AND WHO ARE YOU--?

JUST THE POOR SLOB INVESTIGATING YOUR MURDER, MA'AM!

MURDER? I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND--

THERE A BUCKET OF BLOOD SOAKED INTO THE CARPET OVER THERE! THE POLICE LAB TELLS ME IT'S YOURS, MISS SIMMONS!

OH MY... GOD.../ BUT... BUT HOW--?

THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW! / MIND TELLING ME WHERE YOU'VE BEEN THE PAST FOUR DAYS?

I... I STAYED WITH A... FRIEND WHY?-

BECAUSE SOMEBODY WAS MURDERED HERE IN YOUR APARTMENT--AND IF YOU'RE NOT THE CORPSE, THAT WOULD TEND TO MAKE YOU THE NEW PRIME SUSPECT!

YOU OR FRUITCAKE **NAGLE** HERE! YOU SEE, I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU TWO SHOWED UP HERE SO **CLOSE TOGETHER!**

SURELY YOU'RE NOT **SUGGESTING**--

OH, BUT HE **IS**, ANDREA DEAR! THE MAN'S A **GHOUL**--!

I SUGGEST YOU ORDER HIM TO **LEAVE AT ONCE**--AND TAKE HIS OUTRAGEOUS INSINUATIONS **WITH** HIM!

JAMES IS **RIGHT**! I THINK YOU'D **BETTER** LEAVE! THIS IS **MY APARTMENT** AND I WON'T STAND FOR THIS KIND OF TREATMENT

SURE SURE, **I'LL** GO! BUT I GUESS I HAD YOU DOPED OUT ALL **WRONG**, MA'AM! YOU'RE MORE THE **SHREW** TYPE... AND A PRETTY BIG **DISAPPOINTMENT!**

BUT BEFORE I **GO**...CAN YOU **PROVE** YOU WERE STAYING WITH THIS **FRIEND** OF YOURS?

WILL IT BE **NECESSARY?**

YOU **BET CHA** BABE! STINKS LIKE **FISH** AROUND HERE--AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH YOU TWO ARE HIDIN' IN **CAHOOTS** BEHIND THE **SMELL!**

OH, AND ONE **OTHER** THING... DON'T LEAVE **TOWN** AS THEY USED TO SAY!

IT WAS NICE WHILE IT **LASTED**, ANDREA...

SO LONG!

AND YOU, **TOO**, MISS SIMMONS!

HOPE YOUR ALIBIS ARE **BRIGHT-EYED** AND **BUSHY-TAILED** IN THE **MORNING**...

...'CUZ THEY'RE GOING THROUGH ONE **HELL** OF A **WRINGER!**

IT WAS AN **EXIT**, ALL RIGHT...

...BUT ONE WHICH **STILL** LEFT ALL THE ANSWERS **BEHIND**.

NOW THE INSOMNIA WOULD **REALLY** HIT. . WITH CONSIDERABLY MORE **BRUTAL** AND FAR LESS **MELANCHOLY** IMPACT...

I WAS HEADING FOR MY **CAR** ACROSS THE STREET, FIGURING ON A LONG **RIDE**--

--WHEN THE **SCREAM** SPLIT MY EARS AND I SLAMMED ON THE **BRAKES**, AND--

AAAAHHHH!

IT WAS A **MAN'S** VOICE--**NAGLE'S** NO DOUBT.

WHICH MEANT THAT **ONE** QUESTION WAS **ANSWERED**--THE **MURDERER** HAD BEEN **ANDREA**...

...AND **SAW** IT...

GOOD... GOD...!

AND EVEN IF HER **FIRST** VICTIM WAS STILL IN THE **DARK**--THERE WAS A **CHANCE**, AT LEAST, OF SAVING THE **SECOND**...

I **VAULTED** THE STAIRS, THREE TO A **LEG**...

...**KICKED** THE STINKING DOOR OPEN..

WHAK!

A SECOND--**FRESH** SUPPLY OF BLOOD WAS SOAKING INTO THE CARPET...

...MOST OF IT DROPPING OFF ANDREA'S...

...FANGS.

A VAMPIRE, THEN--AND NO TIME TO CARP ABOUT HOW THE WHOLE THING WAS IMPOSSIBLE...

...UNLESS I WANTED THE IMPOSSIBLE LATCHING ONTO MY THROAT AND SUCKING ME DRY.

HSSSS

I'D SEEN ALL THE CORNY LATE SHOW FLICKS A DOZEN TIMES, SO INSTEAD OF CLUTCHING AT STRAWS--

--I SNATCHED AT--SO HELP ME GOD--SWIZZLE STICKS...

...AND CROSSED THEM ON THE WHIRL.

HRAAHHH

IT WORKED.

BUT THAT WASN'T THE END OF IT. I WASN'T ABOUT TO STAND THERE FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO, KEEPING HER AT BAY TILL DAWN...

EASY, OLD GIRL. IF I KNOW MY VAMPIRES RIGHT... IN A FEW SECONDS IT'LL ALL BE JUST AN UGLY MEMORY...

I GROPED FOR THE CHAIR BEHIND ME. WOOD.

KRAK

FRAGILE, BRITTLE WOOD.

ALL RIGHT, OLD GIRL...

COME TO PAPA—!

CHOOK

SLURP

RACHAAA

...AND IT WAS OVER. THE IMPOSSIBLE HAD DIED... FOR A SECOND TIME.

SO SINCE THE CHAIR LEG -AD WORKED JUST AS WELL AS A WOODEN STAKE...

AAIIII

...I USED ANOTHER ONE ON POOR WRETCHED NIGEL. AT LEAST HE DIDN'T HAVE TO FEEL HIS SECOND DEATH...

IT HAD HAPPENED ALL SO FAST... WITH THE FULL HORROR OF IT YET TO HIT. I WAS STILL IN SHOCK...

ONE FINAL SHRIEK...

...AND I WANTED TO STAY THAT WAY UNTIL IT FINISHED WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.

SHED SCREAMED A NAME. DRACULA. EITHER SHE WAS MAD—

...OR THE **BODIES** WOULD HAVE TO BE **BURNED.**

AND I KNEW **DAMN WELL** THAT ONLY **SHOCK** WOULD GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO **DO** IT.

I HOISTED **ANDREA,** READY TO CAST HER INTO THE PEACE OF **FLAME...**

...WHEN HELL ITSELF **EXPLODED** INTO THE ROOM.

BLESH

YOU HAVE **STOLEN** A BRIDE OF **DRACULA,** MORTAL!

RETURN HER TO ME!!

SO YOU CAN YANK THE **STAKE** OUT OF HER HEART AND TURN HER BACK INTO **FILTH--?**

LIKE HELL I WILL!!

I HAD TO MOVE **FAST.** THE DEMON WAS A SWIRL OF LUNGING **RAGE.** I WOULDN'T HAVE A **CHANCE.**

SO I **JAMMED** MY HAND INTO THE FLAMES--

—AND CAME OUT WITH NAGLE'S CHARRED BUT STILL **WOODEN STAKE.**

NOT SO **FAST,** DRAC—!

YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO GO THE WAY OF ANDREA'S FLESH, WOULD YOU...?

YOU ARE INDEED A MOST **FATUOUS** MORTAL! BECAUSE A STAKE MAY **HARM** ME, YOU PRESUME YOU POSSESS THE ABILITY TO **INFLICT** THAT HARM!

YOU **FLATTER** ME, VAMPIRE! ACTUALLY, I **DON'T** THINK THAT HIGHLY OF MYSELF! YOU SEE, I'M SMART ENOUGH TO **SEE** THAT I'D COME OUT ON THE **BOTTOM** IN ANY TUSSLE TO STICK THIS THING INTO YOUR **HEART!**

IT'S A SIGHT I DON'T EXACTLY **RELISH...**

--WHICH IS WHY I NEVER **INTENDED** THIS THING--

--FOR **YOUR** HEART-T-T-T!!

FOOL!

FOOL!

IT'S BEEN THREE NIGHTS SINCE I KILLED MYSELF... TWO OF DEEP SLEEP...

...ONE OF MIRACLE...

...A GREAT MIRACLE... AND GREATER MELANCHOLY...

SO THAT'S THE STORY, OLD GIRL! TURNS OUT MY ORIGINAL IMPRESSION OF YOU WAS RIGHT! YOU WEREN'T A SHREW!

BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT! I KNOW NOW THAT I NEVER SHOULD HAVE BURNED YOU ANDREA..

...THAT WE FINALLY COULD HAVE BEEN TOGETHER...

...IN THE WARM DARKNESS OF NIGHT AND BLOOD...

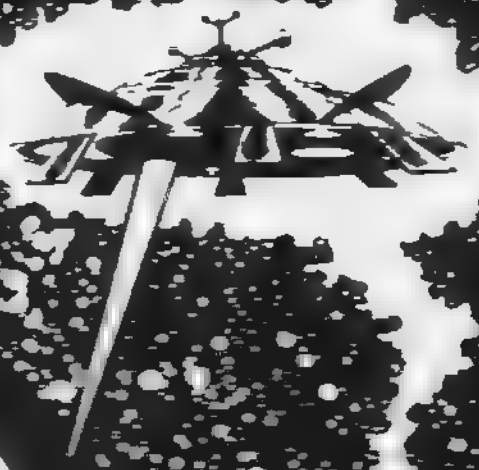
...IF NOT FOR MY AWFUL SIN OF MERCY!

HA HA HA HA HA

FINIS

OUR WORLD—IN A SECRET WAR WITH BEINGS FROM BEYOND THE STARS!

Imagination? Or is it actually happening... Right NOW?



Stan Lee PRESENTS:

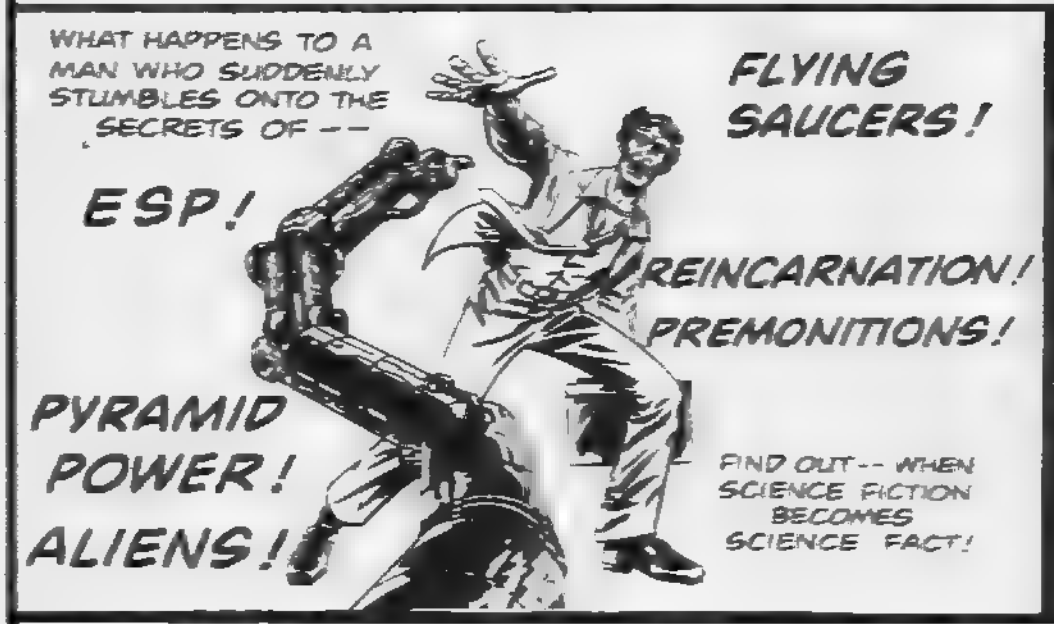
THE UFO CONNECTION

A TRIP INTO TOTAL TERROR!

BY DAVID KRAFT & HERB TRIMPE!

COMPLETE IN ONE ISSUE! ★ ALL NEW! ★ A NOVEL-LENGTH GRAPHIC STORY MASTERPIECE!

A STARTLING SAGA OF SHEER SURVIVAL!



BONUS: SUPER FEATURE SECTION!

DON PENDLETON
PRESIDENT CARTER
JOHN LENNON

TELL OF THEIR ACTUAL ENCOUNTERS WITH UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS

WONDERMENT—WEIRD & WILD—AWAITS IN ISSUE #13 OF

MARVEL PREVIEW

ON SALE JANUARY 10th

MARVEL BULLPEN

STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

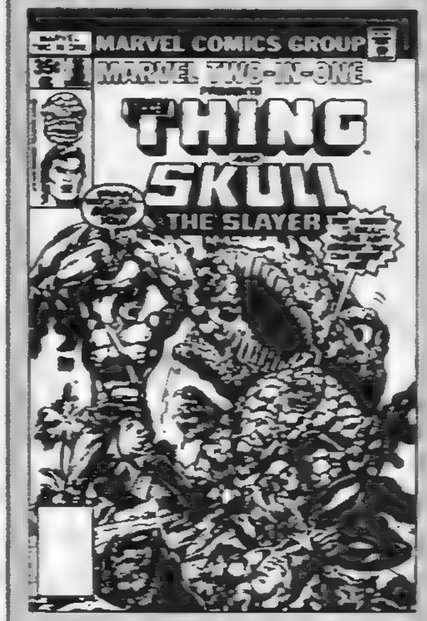
Remember years ago when we warned you that ol' Marvel is taking over the world? Of course, most of you wise and witty old-timers believed us, except for a few malcontents like Irving Forbush! Anyway, here's a little extra proof to show what we mean. You've all heard of Pocket Books, the most famous publisher of pocket-sized books in the world. You've probably got dozens of their titles on your bookshelf right now. Well, guess who's publishing an entire library of SPIDER-MAN and the FANTASTIC FOUR, in full color, so that you can build a permanent, complete collection of our Marvel masterpieces at a rock-bottom price! Next time you're in a book store, be sure to ask for the great new Pocket Books editions of SPIDER-MAN and FANTASTIC FOUR — just tell 'em our armadillo sent you! But that's only the beginning! The newest in our seemingly endless ORIGINS series is just now going on sale — THE SUPERHERO WOMEN — and, judging by the avalanche of advance orders, it'll be the hottest seller of all! But there's still lots more! We've finally sent one of our greatest secret project books to the printer, and now I can breathlessly reveal that you'll soon be able to buy HOW TO DRAW COMICS, THE MARVEL WAY! — by none other than Big John Buscema, who's as qualified as anyone in the world to write such a book, in collaboration with your obedient servant, who's got a lot of nerve butting into the act! Yep, this book, by Lee and Buscema, is the first one ever to reveal the Marvel secrets of drawing super-heroes! We'll tell you when it'll go on sale as soon as Simon & Schuster tells us — but in the meantime, save your shekels, stalwart one! And we've still just scratched the surface! We've got an exciting new MARVEL SPECIAL EDITION, and — aw, why should I give it all away? I'll save the rest for Archie to tell you about as soon as I sign off. So, till next ish, be good to each other — and keep smiling! Remember, things could always be worse. I could have made this column twice as long!

Excelsior! Stan Lee

ITEM! Let's get started with a personal note by offering warmest congratulations to one of our cavorting colorists, DON WARFIELD, and to his wife, GAYLE LANDERS, on the birth of their daughter, ELLEN KELLY WARFIELD. We'd wish the happy trio all the luck in the world, but since Ellen was born on the seventh day of the seventh month of the seventy-seventh year at 7:00 PM, she's probably got a corner on that already!

ITEM! Usually we're so out of breath from talking at you about all our new and super special projects — say, for instance, our second STAR WARS TREASURY EDITION which is on sale this month and wraps up the ROY THOMAS/HOWIE CHAYKIN adaptation of this summer's number one movie sensation — that it seems we never get around to mentioning much about our regular monthly and bimonthly titles in this space. Naturally, it's hard not to beat the drum for something like our up-and-coming $1.00, eighty page, giant MAN FROM ATLANTIS book (more details later) or lay sly hints to all you SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN fans about a particularly colorful surprise which may be headed your way along about Christmas time, but for *this* edition of the Bullpen Bulletin, your amiable armadillo is resolutely resolved to restrict his ramblings to our rip-roaring regular books (and to declare a moratorium on alliteration for a sentence or three).

ITEM! Though you'll be reading this in the fall, it's still summer as we're hunting and pecking these tidbits, and that means some of our beleaguered Bullpenners have managed to slip away for short vacations, which further means that other, even *more* beleaguered souls have stepped in to substitute for them on some assignments. Hence, this month and next you get treated to Earnest ERNIE CHAN's pencils and inks on MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE



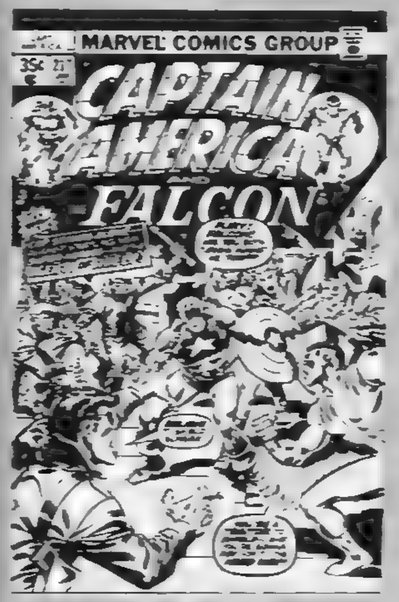
which teams blue-eyed Ben Grimm with none other than SKULL THE SLAYER, and — thanks to ingenious plotting and writing from Marvelous MARV WOLFMAN — wraps up some loose ends left over from when Skully's own book was cancelled. THE DEFENDERS will also have a two issue fill-in art job, and the featured penciler will be Creative CARMINE INFANTINO, whose ability to adapt his unique style to almost any of our crazy characters is making him a mainstay of the line. Those of you who have been demanding that KLAUS JANSON return to inking everybody's favorite non-group will be pleased to note that he does exactly that with these two issues, and he'll be staying on when Energetic ED HANNIGAN picks up the reins as regular penciler after Carmine's issues. Together with writer DAVE KRAFT, the guys promise some of the most devastating Defenders adventures ever!

ITEM! On the staff front, how about a hearty welcome for Dandy DANNY FINGEROTH, who is taking over as Assistant Editor of our bombastic

BULLETINS

British books. Danny replaces Bouncing BOB BUDIANSKY who recently so impressed us with his penciling of a special Falcon filler story that we decided to start throwing freelance art assignments his way. Bob's in the middle of a DAREDEVIL tale even as we write this. Watch for it; we think the boy's a real comer! Two other titanic talents who have served in Marvel's British Legion are penciler DAVE WENZEL and inker DUFFY VOHLAND. They too are making inroads into stateside publication; and a future issue of SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN will feature a Solomon Kane tale by Dave and Duffy that we think will really delight you.

ITEM! With JACK "King" KIRBY hard at work finishing the massive one hundred page SILVER SURFER saga he and STAN THE MAN are creating for book publication by Simon and Schuster (The same good folks who are currently bringing you Stan's latest in the ORIGIN series, THE SUPERHERO WOMEN), our CAPTAIN AMERICA comic has passed over to



writer editor Rascally ROY THOMAS. Art chores this month will be handled by Big JOHN BUSCEMA, and after that by the terrific team of Our Pal SAL BUSCEMA and Jolting JOE SINNOTT. And, lest you fear that this shift will leave Mr. Kirby with a few moments breathing space once the Surfer epic is ended, we'll remind you that a couple of sessions back we mentioned that the King was conjuring up some nifty new titles. Though delayed slightly, Jack is just about ready to spring them on you, and we should be able to announce them, with appropriate fanfare, in this column next month. Be here, hear?

ITEM! Space — or the lack of it — makes this our last segment, and we've still got about a jillion things we wanted to crow about and comment on... like the new X-MEN art team of Jocular JOHN BYRNE and Terrific TERRY AUSTIN (the same lads who, along with scripter CHRIS CLAREMONT, dazzled you with STAR-LORD in our magazine-size showcase, MARVEL PREVIEW)... like Delightful DAVE COCKRUM'S up-and-coming issue of JOHN CARTER, WARLORD OF MARS (just to show everyone that since leaving the aforementioned X-MEN he isn't sitting on his hands or resting on his laurels)... like welcoming TONY and MARY DeZUNIGA back to the Big Apple after their long-time residence in the faraway Philippines, and wondering how Tony managed to make such a move without missing a deadline or even a deft brushstroke in his dazzling inking ... but, unfortunately, we can't go into that — there just isn't any space left. Maybe next time, gang.

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PREVIEW REVIEW

Dear People,

Beautiful! Simply beautiful! MARVEL PREVIEW #10 was beyond description, but I suppose beautiful will have to suffice. From cover to cover, this was one of the finest comic books I have ever read. It truly lived up to its cover blurb: "The power and majesty of the greatest warrior of all!"

Ken Barr's cover caught the essence of Thor perfectly. This cover even topped Barr's covers for DOC SAVAGE and THE RAMPAGING HULK, and that's no easy feat. The interior was every bit as good as the cover, but that was no surprise considering the talent that contributed to this issue. After all, you featured Jim Starlin and Tony DeZuniga on the Thor story, Val Mayerik on the Hercules story, and full page drawings by Rudy Nebres and Virgilio Redondo. The art on the Thor story was especially stunning. Jim Starlin is one of the very finest artistic talents in the comics medium today, and Tony DeZuniga's inks raised the quality of Starlin's pencils to even greater heights. I certainly hope to see them paired together again soon.

Praise is also in order for Len Wein and Bill Mantlo, lest they think that I have forgotten about them. Both the Thor and Hercules stories were superb. I especially liked the teaming of Hercules with Jason and the Argonauts against the Medusa. It was a very natural pairing, and I think that it came off very well. The characterizations were letter-perfect, of course, but that was to be expected since Wein is Thor's regular writer and Mantlo is the Champions' regular writer, and Hercules is a member of that group.

I hope that the response to this issue of MARVEL PREVIEW is favorable enough for you to consider giving Thor his own large magazine on a regular basis. In his color comic, you are confined to doing stories about Thor now, in the 1970's. Although I love that version of Thor, I also love the Thor more closely resembling the one in Norse mythology, as exhibited both here and in THOR ANNUAL #5. A magazine of his own would allow Thor fans to see him in two different lights, in two different types of stories. The same, of course, holds true for Hercules, who I would love to see as the back-up feature, if Thor were given his own magazine.

I sincerely hope that you consider my suggestion.

Robert Karp
2245 Bronxwood Avenue
Bronx, N.Y. 10469

Dear Editors:

I am pleased to see that you are finally exploring the possibilities of using Thor in an oversized format. You could have a very good series if the character is allowed to fulfill his potential, and if some mistakes that marred the THOR magazine are avoided.

In interpreting the original Norse myth, Marvel writers have created a character with three personalities—warrior, god, and traditional comic book hero. The first two are capable of integration, but the last one involves an insoluble conflict. The childlike simplicity and black/white moral rigidity demanded of the comic book hero when Thor first appeared produced a character whose personality and background were incongruous. As a warrior, Thor's Viking heritage suggests a strong kinship to Conan, but his image has been that of a Norse Sir Galahad. Also, writers have seemed confused as to what the nature of Thor's "divinity" is. He has appeared both as a moral symbol of Christ-like virtue and as a pagan god who is often amoral by human standards.

The use of Thor as a moral symbol was at its worst in "political" stories. Following the comic book tradition, Thor was required to battle, in the name of "freedom," official enemies such as Vietnamese Communists or other "Reds." You've probably been told what a ridiculous setting that is for a Norse Thunder God, but consider this argument against any future political entanglements: isn't it absurd, or even hypocritical, for the heir to an absolute monarchy to go around lecturing others about democracy? He would first have to lead a revolution against Odin and set up an Asgardian republic.

In regard to your use of female characters, it is sad that Marvel, with such admirable characters as Red Sonja and Belit, has failed to recognize the dramatic possibilities of the Valkyrie myths. Hildegarde, the huge warrior in the THOR magazine, is a joke, and the character presently called the Valkyrie is not far behind her. In the original myths, the Valkyries were daughters of Odin—if you took one of them and gave her that lineage, the dramatic potential would be tremendous. (I know that Thor is an only son, but it was never made clear that he was an only child. An excuse to explain his sister's absence until this time wouldn't be too hard to concoct.) Her personality should be a more refined version of the Red Sonja presented in CONAN #23 and #24. (Those two issues should be read as a Bible whenever you portray a forceful woman character. No two Marvel stories are freer of traditional female stereotypes.)

I have one last comment. It's good to see Thor being disrespectful to Odin—as a paragon of filial devotion he was quite nauseous.

Angela Powell
2323 Twin Lakes
Ypsilanti, MI 48197

Angela, thanks for the well-reasoned objections to our handling of some facets of Thor's heritage. But we do want to take exception to your last statement about the Thunder God's attitude toward his divine daddy. Actually, Thor has often resisted his father's will, (as we've so faithfully chronicled over the years) and the father/son relationship has more than once been strained to the breaking point. Thor is devoted in a deep and loving manner to his father's omnipotent utterings,but that boy has got a mind of his own that just won't quit.

We'll pass along your perceptive suggestions pertaining to the Valkyries to Lively Len Wein, current scripter of our Asgardian ace's color mag. We realize there's plenty left to explore in the Norse mythos; and given the proper time, we'll explore them all.

Dear Geniuses,

Thor The Mighty has the potential of being the best thing Marvel has ever done. When you take Marvel's best character, Thor, and tell his story in the best way possible, in the manner and tradition of CONAN, you can't help but have a winner. Thor is probably the best candidate for large format publication that you have. There are an infinite amount of story possibilities in Thor's past, since he has been around for some uncounted number of years. There is no problem of continuity with his current series, since he can no longer remember his life before he became Don Blake. Thor's surroundings are Asgard and other mystical kingdoms, inhabited by gods, trolls, giants, enchanters, witches, dwarves, demons, and all kinds of other assorted nasties. These are the kind of sword and sorcery ingredients which have made the SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN a success. I am sure that, if Thor gets his own b & w title, he will be an even bigger hit. A lot of unanswered questions could be resolved. For instance, does Thor have a mother? If you can give the Hulk his own oversized magazine, can you do any less with the Thunder God? I don't think so.

As for MARVEL PREVIEW #10 itself, both featured series were magnificent in every way and have potential for being even better. The Hercules story was the perfect and obvious choice to complement Thor's. I hope that he will be with Thor in the pages of THOR THE MIGHTY #1. 'Nuff said!

Scott Feuless
1757 Brunella Ave.
Piscataway, N.J. 08854

One of the many things which makes the possibility of an oversized Thor title so exciting to contemplate is precisely what you, Scott, and so many others have put your fingers on: the virtually unlimited amount of material (both mythic and otherwise) we could draw upon to furnish story matter for ages to come. We want to take this opportunity to thank all of you who so enthusiastically mailed in your own concepts and ideas for the potential furtherance of Thor The Mighty. It's gratifying to know we have the kind of receptive audience which takes it upon itself to truly become a part of our pulsating little projects. We feed off your inspiration, people, as so obviously do you off ours.

By the way, in answer to your material musing, let us state that, although Lively Len Wein—current chronicler of the THOR color comic—refuses to divulge whether Marvel's Son of Odin has a mother or not, we can assure you that the Thor of Norse Mythology did indeed have a mother. Her name, Frigga, is the derivation for that day of the week when we poor, toiling mortals collect our piddling pay-checks—Friday. And for that alone do we owe Mrs. Odin our heartfelt thanks. Now if we could only get our hands on the clown responsible for Monday . . .

Dear Len,

Here's an interesting tidbit of information. Immediately prior to the advent of Christianity, the worship of Thor was beginning to displace the worship of Odin amongst the Norsemen. And, so too, did the worship of Odin displace that of some other god in prior centuries. 'Twas a precursor of the god Heimdall, the Warder of Asgard, and guardian of the Rainbow Bridge, whom Odin displaced as chief of the Aesir.

The last remnants of Heimdall's former status can be seen with the revealing nature of Heimdall's powers: he is omniscient, and he is eternally vigilant; the two prerequisites required of the mightiest of gods.

Essentially, the MARVEL PREVIEW story in #10 was correct. There were other lords before Odin, and, most likely, Thor would have taken the throne eventually had Christianity not intervened.

Apparently, loyal Heimdall is not one to carry grudges.

Dennis
(last name & address withheld by request)

We sure hope not, Denny. Can you imagine if Heimdall decided to start giving on-the-spot inspections to every vehicle entering the Golden Realm? In-bound traffic on the Rainbow Bridge (purple lane especially) is hopeless right now during the rush hours, and on weekends—forget it! Until some ambitious trolls decide to add that extension they're eternally talking about, let's just hope the Loyal One keeps his eyes spanning the cosmos and not our broken windshield wipers. But seriously now, folks . . .

While we're primarily presenting adventure stories that happen to have mythological climes as a backdrop, it's always fascinating to note the many avenues of academic speculation that you Frantic Ones (not surprisingly) pick up. And Thor The Mighty, in particular, seemed to have started the scholarly juices flowing in quite a number of armchair Asgardians. If our little forays into lands beyond the pale can keep you thinking as well as entertained, then we've been complimented in a priceless way.

Dear Marvel,

What took you guys so long?

I must confess that I had given up all hope years ago. I was quite convinced that **no one** was **ever** going to catch on down there at the Bullpen. Shame to say it but it is true. I never thought I'd see the day when you actually began to foray into the vast fund of **possibilities** inherent in the Asgardian format. At the risk of repeating a too-often-quoted criticism, I must say that Stan and Jack did it better. At least they took an occasional stab at the convoluted sort of psychological plot that has always been a standard of writing for most of your other books, both young and old. But not even those mighty ones of yesteryear ever went beyond a most perfunctory wetting of the tootsies.

A case in point is the Thor-Loki relationship as it exists in the context of the Thor strips. Nowhere in Marveldom is there to be found a richer source of complex and dynamic plots, delving into the nature of the delicate balance between love and hatred, good and evil (keeping in mind that, as often as not, the two are indistinguishable) and, more important in this sort of literary form, a study of the still more delicate balance between sanity and madness, between the real, and the vividly imagined experience. If there is a difference, as most people seem to believe, then what **is** this difference, and where and how is this difference manifested?

Of course, no one who has ever worked (to my knowledge) on the Thor strip has done any of these things with it. As a result, the books in which Loki is featured tend to have almost a ritualistic feeling, like maybe you've seen this somewhere before. More of the same, with Loki receiving his customary humiliation by the end of epic. It's gotten to where it seems like we only see him around when the Thunder God has run out of less familiar villains to clobber.

Which is a terrible shame, really, since he is one of your very best characters, **potentially** on the level of Doctor Doom or Morbius. He is a genius, and of course, like most geniuses, more than a little mad. He is one of the most complex personalities ever to emanate from the collective mind of Kirby and Lee, with a range of viewpoint and experience that should be drawn upon. Hasn't anyone wondered what it must be **like** to actually **be** the younger brother of a guy like Thor? What a standard to live up to, and not even equipped by nature for the task! And Asgard itself is no healthy place for a budding master sorcerer to grow up; those with special mystic talents being generally regarded with some suspicion by those who are warriors born.

Whether or not Loki's grievances against his brother are true, **Loki** believes his cause is the just one. And he does have a point. Odin **did** kill Loki's father, no one doubts it, and no one seems to have made much effort to conceal the grislier facts from sensitive ears. Nor does Thor himself seem particularly aggrieved by the alienation between him and his brother. Somehow, this does not seem right.

However, lest you mistake my motives for writing this letter, let me say now that my intention is to praise Len Wein, not to bury him. The latest PREVIEW edition of **Thor the Mighty** was remarkably free of the above-named annoying defects. It is easily the best Thor strip I have ever read, in all respects a minor masterpiece. My major criticism is that it was not long enough. The whole Asgardian way of life comes across much better in the non-comics-code format than it does in the color comic medium, and it seems to be a much more flexible format than Thor has ever been exposed in before. Well done.

You **do** realize, I hope, that you have set a standard and a precedent that certain people (like me) are going to want to hold you to. I also hope that this is not the last we will see of this type of Thor story. You guys have made a great beginning, let's see if you can stand prosperity.

Meanwhile, make mine Marvel.

Tara Jones
Somewhere in West Campus
Austin, TX

It's intriguing, Tara, that a whole horde of Loki lovers wrote and expressed their vociferous approval of our amazingly in-depth probing into the personality of the God of Mischief. What Lively Len succeeded in doing, was masterfully showing the complex dichotomy of motivation which precipitates the surface actions of Thor's eternal nemesis. As you so rightly point out, Loki is an outsider in Asgard, and Odin did slay his father. We're not saying he's more sinned against than sinning, but Loki does have a classic psychological base from which we can interpret his attitudes. And that unquestionably makes him one of the most fully realized "villains" in the Mighty Marvel pantheon of misunderstood misanthropes. But what the hey, Tara, your exceptional little treatise says it a whole lot better than we could.

Beloved (if batty) Bullpen:

And I thought I could only love Thor in color.

MARVEL PREVIEW #10 is the first larger sized Marvel magazine I've ever bought. Of course I had to buy a book featuring my favorite Thunder God, being an Asgard aficionado. And after reading it—

Verily, I did weep for joy.

Thor the Mighty is indeed a tale like unto the legends of old. It tells of a younger, lustier, wilder Thor, whose wisdom has not quite caught up with his tongue. The Blood Quest itself is a story as glorious as any ever sprung from the fount of Len Wein's imagination. And how Jim Starlin and Tony DeZuniga forced three-dimensional action to stay on the printed page long enough not to jump out **before** the reader, is a wonder. Kenn Barr's magnificent cover is so beautiful, my eyes water every time I gaze at it.

Sorry if I slobber, people, but **Thor the Mighty** is a Marvel masterpiece! Please . . . will you do Thor in b & w again sometime—or better still, give him an oversized book all his own? I'm running out of words, but I hasten to add that I enjoyed the Hercules story. It was truly a fit companion for the Thor feature. Thank you, one and all.

Mary Kelly
308-B E. 32nd St.
Austin, TX 78705

And thank you one and all for having responded with accolades aplenty on THOR THE MIGHTY. Now, we'll move from that glorious realm where legends lay aborning, into the dank sepulchres of horror and depravity that house this issue of MARVEL PREVIEW. We put our best claws forward in giving you the finest horror tales this side of H.P. Lovecraft—but that's our rap. What did YOU think of our midnight efforts? We want to know, badly. So, before the moon makes madmen of us all, rush all tomes and tombstones (via vampire bat if you must) to:

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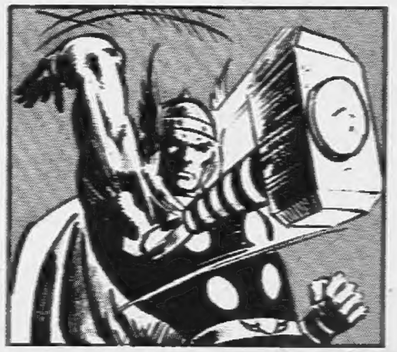

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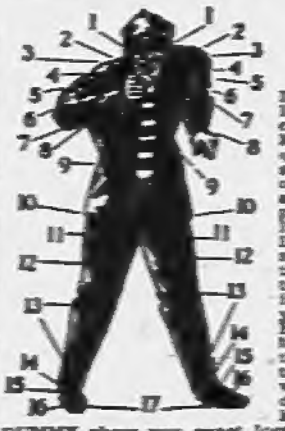

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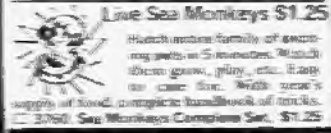

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☐ 5895. 2 Headed Nickel $1.95
☐ 5896. 2 Tailed Nickel $1.95

MIDGET SPY CAMERA

$1.49

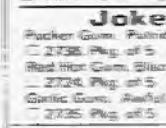
Take secret or regular pictures. Size of pocket watch. Control in front. Import bargain. Solid metal construction, chrome trim, view finder. 2½ oz. Takes 08 pictures each roll.

☐ 4885. Camera $1.49
☐ 4891. Film 2 rolls (30 pictures) ..... 79¢

1001 Insults, Putdowns, For all Occasions

A putdown, barb, wisecrack or snappy comeback for every occasion. Find one to fit every situation, every type person.

☐ 1173. Insults Encyclopedia ..... 79¢



Joke Gum

Pocket Gum. Purina!

☐ 2735. Pkg. of 5 ..... 30¢

Real Hot Gum. Blazing.

☐ 2729. Pkg. of 5 ..... 30¢

Garlic Gum. Awful.

☐ 2735. Pkg. of 5 ..... 30¢

GREEDY FINGERS BANK $2.49

Automatic Mechanical Pickpocket!

Great "money maker"!

Place coins on coffin & gruesome green hand with arms, from fingers appears like magic from the grave to snatch them.

☐ 3021. Greedy Fingers Bank $2.49

Star Trek Phaser Set

Authentic replicas of Star Trek instruments. PHASER: Pistol energy weapon. Emits pulsating beam which demoralizes, disrupts... TRICORDER: Portable sensor computer recorder with midget TV screen... COMMUNICATOR/LOCATOR: Used between satellites, planets, space ships. Detailed models. With assembly instructions.

☐ 7862. Exploration Set $3.25

Jack Pot Bank

$2.95

Las Vegas Replica. 12 "winning" combinations. Insert dime, pull lever on this "One Arm Bandit" & watch the reels spin in windows to see if you have lucky winner. Realistic 5" high.

Dimes are removable. Holds about $20.00. Not to be used for gambling.

☐ 2765. Jack Pot Bank $2.95

Motorized Submarine

$1.95

Steady 7½" plastic submarine cuts through water powered by battery operated heavy-duty underwater motor. Runs on pen-cell battery. 5" sensor is waterproof sealed, with adjustable rubber & bolt-in mounts.

☐ 2852. Submarine $1.95

Capable of tremendous lifting power. Use entertaining stunts, advertising, effects, exercise. Test for miles, 24 ft. around.

☐ 3098. 8 ft. Balloon $2.95

Vibrating Shocker

Small hand-held instrument that simulates electric shock. Shake hands or touch someone's body and it gives off spine-tingling shock!

☐ 2956. Joy Buzzer ..... 79¢

FLESH EATING PLANTS $1.19

Bites Finger. Eats flies & insects! Beautiful plant snaps shut on anything: finger, pencil, bugs. Feeds itself by trapping and eating insects. "Most unusual plant in world", easy-to-grow indoor house plants. Lovely white flowers. Grow up to 20 inches, 12" high.

☐ 5811. Venus Fly Trap Bulbs $1.19

Las Vegas Replica. Take a chance. Insert coin, pull "one arm bandit" and watch reels spin. Big payoff if you hit! Coin(s) money lost every hack. Smooth action. 8" high. Not for gambling.

☐ 4062. Slot Bank $5.95

Handcuffs

$4.95

Regulation size and style. Heavy duty, steel, with lock and keys. Chrome plated.

☐ 3643. Regulation Style Handcuff $4.95
☐ 3649. Handcuff Case $1.95

Pocket Spy Telescope — $1.59

Powerful, yet slim pocket like pen. Magnifies 6-8 times and 8 power. Attractive finish. Specially ground objective lenses.

☐ 6724. Spy Scope $1.59

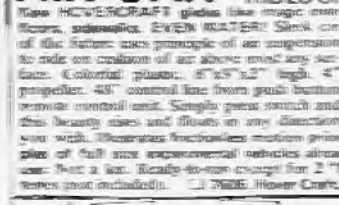
Surprise Package $1.00

Pleasant surprise and bargains. Fun or useful. Includes new samples, factory surplus, special novelties, etc. Most worth much more. Money back if not delighted.

☐ 2950. Surprise Bargain $1.00

Dog Whistle $1.00

Ultrasonic range. Dogs respond instantly at this range. Used by dog trainers. 4557 ..... $1.00



AIR CAR — NEW HOVERCRAFT RIDES ON AIR!

$4.95

New HOVERCRAFT glides like magic over floors, sidewalks, EVEN WATER! Sleek, on of the latest uses principle of air suspension to ride on cushion of air above most any surface. Colorful plastic, 6"x5"x2" high, 4" propeller, 48" control line from push button remote control unit. Simply press switch and this beauty goes and floats in any direction you wish. Maneuver from/over/on various obstacles of "all" but experimental vehicles already in use. Just a few. Ready-to-use except for 2 "D" flashlight batteries (not included).

☐ 7826. Hover Craft $4.95

SECRET SPY MIRROR — $1.25

See without being seen. Convert any window into secret spy mirror. Amazing poly-vision sheet acts like mirror on one side & as regular window from other side. Easy to use. Use tape, glue or apply to glass. For larger areas use 2 or more sheets.

☐ 3255. 5x8" (40 sq. in.) $1.25
☐ 3259. 10x18" (180 sq. in.) $1.95

WORLD'S SMALLEST TRANSISTOR RADIO

$12.95

Micro-Mini AM Radio. Only 1½" high, 1¼ overall. Electronic marvel! Excellent reception guaranteed. Receives several stations in most areas. So small you can put in pocket, purse or even wear on keychain. Take anywhere to listen to music, news, sports. Runs for up to 200 hours on 2 tiny easy-to-find hearing aid batteries (included). Ready for instant use. Dial tuner. No antenna required. Earphone (included) acts as on-off switch. With handy keychain.

☐ 4053. Mini AM Radio $12.95

Star Trek Coin Medal

$4.95

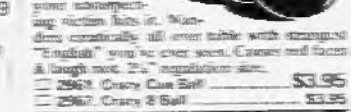
Official coin in beautiful jeweler's bronze. Spock, Kirk on one side. Enterprise on reverse. Hand engraved. Sterling Silver plate use. Available with matching 24" neck/chain-holder.

☐ 5711. Star Trek Coin $4.95
☐ 5715. Star Trek Coin & Neckchain $6.95

Make-Up Kit 65¢

Easy on-off 7 piece kit. For ease use, clowns, comic characters, masquerades, etc. Remove with soap, water.

☐ 7001. Make-Up ..... 65¢

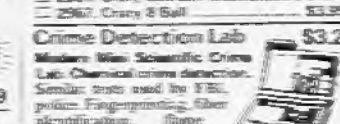


Crazy Action Billiard Balls

$3.95

Great way to break up a serious game of pool. Looks like regular ball until some unexpected action hits it. Numbers constantly all over table with unusual "English" spin as ever seen. Causes real fun & laugh riot. 2¼" regulation size.

☐ 2961. Crazy Cue Ball $3.95
☐ 2960. Crazy 8 Ball $3.95



Crime Detection Lab

$3.25

Modern Way Scientific Crime Lab. Chemical crime detection. Similar tests used by FBI, police. Fingerprinting, other identification, literature, etc. Carrying case and instructions.

☐ 6442. Crime Lab $3.25

Hercules Wrist Band

98¢

Gives rugged, muscular appearance. Develops strength for "he-man" look. Adjustable. Get two – one for each arm. Genuine leather.

☐ 2112. Set of 2, $1.50 Each 98¢

Star Trek Patches $1.50

3" embroidered patches for jackets, shirts, jeans, etc. Show your support of Star Trek – get both. 2 for $2.75.

☐ 7962. Spock $1.50
☐ 7961. Enterprise $1.50

Ever-Sharp Pencils 6 for $1.00

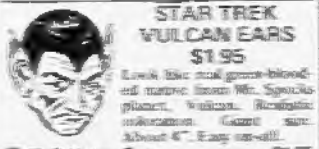
New pencils never need sharpening. You get 6 pencils, each with 11 points, 66 pencils in all. Absolutely no sharpening. Simply pull out dull point, push into back of pencil & new point appears. Write immediately. Economical. Convenient.

☐ 8926. Ever-Sharp Pencils $1.00

Magic Key Bender $3.95

Use Psychic Mind Power & our secret gimmick to mystically cause keys or spoons to bend right before the eyes of your audience. Easy magic. Even baffles other magicians.

☐ 3277. Key Bender $3.95



STAR TREK VULCAN EARS $1.95

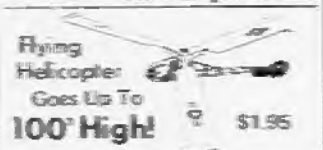
Look like real green-blooded native from Mr. Spocks planet, Vulcan. Realistic reproduction. Giant size. About 4". Easy on-off.

☐ 4773. Vulcan Ears $1.95

ELECTRIC POLICE SIREN & FLASHLIGHT

Powerful beam flashlight. Loud, ear-piercing siren. Fun protection, fun, heavy duty.

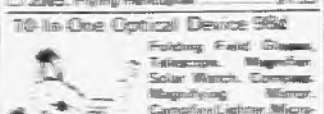
☐ 3634. Police Siren Flashlight $2.95



Flying Helicopter Goes Up To 100' High! $1.95

Flying authentic replica of helicopter used by armed forces. Comic Dr. engineered. Goes up to 100 feet high. Rugged impact plastic.

☐ 2965. Flying Helicopter $1.95



10-in-One Optical Device 98¢

Folding Field Glass, Telescope, Magnifier, Solar Watch, Compass, Magnifying Mirror, Campfire Lighter, Microscope, Mirror, Stereoscope, Pocket size. Import bargain.

☐ 9382. Optical Device ..... 98¢

Hypnotism Record — $1.50

Hear a hypnotist in action. 7" 33 LP is example of how people are hypnotized. Side 1: Individual & group hypnotism. Side 2: Self-hypnotism.

☐ 3982. Hypno Record $1.50

Secret Pocket "Pen" Radio

$2.69

Listen almost anywhere! Slips into pocket like ordinary pen. Tiny earphone for private listening. Pulls in radio waves from air. NO BATTERIES NEEDED. Ground wire included for best reception, but will work without grounding. Commercial to receive several stations, although reception will vary from place to place. Hear SPORTS, MUSIC, NEWS, etc. in office, school, bed, etc. Solid-state circuit. Complete, ready-to-play.

☐ 7862. Spy Pen Radio $2.69

Greatest illusion of the century! Apparently see bones thru skin, see thru clothes, etc. Amaze and entertain everyone! Regular size glasses with built-in optical illusion.

☐ 3762. X-RAY Specs Only ..... $1.35 per Pair

$1.35

Surprise Package $1.00

Pleasant surprise and bargains. Fun or useful. Includes new samples, factory surplus, special novelties, etc. Most worth much more. Money back if not delighted.

☐ 2950. Surprise Bargain $1.00

Dog Whistle $1.00

Ultrasonic range. Dogs respond instantly at this range. Used by dog trainers. 4557 ..... $1.00

U-Control 7-Foot Life-Size GHOST 95¢

Use Indoors & Outdoors
Acts Life-Like

You control in secret. Ready to operate. Rises, falls, floats, spooky effects, dives, dances. Includes lifelike head & white shroud "body" (about 7-ft. overall) with near invisible 50-ft. control line. Includes detailed instructions.

☐ 3947. Ghost ..... 95¢

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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The secret of teaching yourself music

It's just organized common sense, says this 79-year-old home study school. Their step-by-step word and picture instructions take the mystery out of learning to play the piano, the guitar, or the spinet organ.

It may seem odd at first – the idea of teaching yourself music. You might think you need a private teacher at $4 to $10 an hour to stand beside you and explain everything you should do—and tell you when you've made a mistake.

But surprising as it seems, you need no such thing. Thousands of people just like you have taught themselves to play with the U.S. School of Music courses. By mail. And you can too.

The secret lies in the step-by-step way our lessons teach you. Starting from scratch, they show you with simple words and pictures exactly what to do. You learn to play correctly—by note, from sheet music. Without gimmicks.

But how do you know you're doing it right? Easy. A lot of the tunes you'll practice first are simple songs you've heard before. And since you already know how they're supposed to sound, you can tell right away when you've "got them right."

By the time you go on to more advanced pieces, you'll be able to tell if your notes and timing are right, even without ever having heard the songs before. Sooner than you might think possible, you'll be able to play different kinds of music: ballads, old favorites, show tunes, or hymns.

Convenient and Economical

You learn in your spare time, in the privacy and convenience of your own home. There's no one standing over you to make you nervous. And because you teach yourself, you set your own pace.

And you'll be delighted to discover how economical it is. The cost comes to less than you'd have to pay a private teacher.

There Are So Many Rewards

How effective are the lessons? Ask Jeffrey Livingston of York, Pa. "I thought the organ course was excellent," he writes. "I knew almost nothing about playing an instrument before I enrolled. Now I can play not only the organ, but the piano too. My new music ability has enabled me to play at churches and small conventions. I am even considering making music my career."

And, Cecelia Feeney of Vineland, N.J. reports: "It's like a dream come true. Knowing how to play the piano and read music has given me new self-confidence."

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If you'd like to learn more about this convenient, pleasant way to teach yourself music, send for our free booklet. With it, we'll include a free "Note-Finder."

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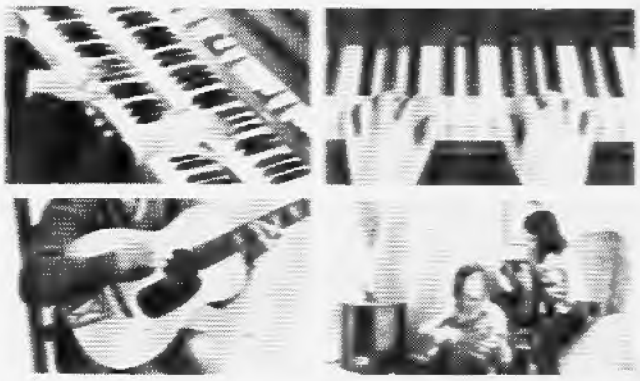

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